LETTER FROM LONDON RAYMOND WILLIAMS

THE NATION

FEBRUARY 26, 1968 35 cents

Upsala College Library
East Orange, N. J.

THE PEACE CORPS A DREAM BETRAYED

GERALD D. BERREMAN

Americans for Democratic Action **The Aging Men of Principle** ROBERT G. SHERRILL

aching the 'Pre-Baccs' ***Headstart for College***

LEONARD KRIEGEL

THE WARREN REPORT and the IRRECONCILABLES

FRED J. COOK

12-17-68 R CL9-643
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
EAST ORANGE
NEW JERSEY 07019

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

counterfeit

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Upon reading the State Department's captured Vietcong document detailing how the Communists will control a future coalition government, one is reminded of an incident related in Allen Dulles' *The Craft of Intelligence*. There the CIA had the problem of how to evaluate a document brought to it by escaped East European military officers. The agency rejected the intelligence information on the ground that it contained the phrase "slave labor," which only an anti-Communist would use. The same thing can be said of the purported Vietcong document which incorporates such words as "our agents," and "men and equipment are infiltrated." Apparently the State Department has bought itself a tainted document such as Allen Dulles was warning about.

Ezra Chall

something like censorship

Clayton, Mo.

DEAR SIRS: It is well and good to commend the N.E.T. network ("Something Like Courage," editorial, *The Nation*, Feb. 5) for its condensed version of Felix Greene's *Inside North Vietnam*.

One should keep in mind, however, that the choice of whether or not the program was carried still remained with the individual station. For the 2 million people served by the St. Louis affiliate, there was no opportunity to view the program. This writer was assured by the station's executive director, Robert C. Glazier, that *NET Journal* had been dropped during January because of the dated topical nature of some of the repeat programs. This seemed strange in view of the fact that as a matter of course the station carries about 20 per cent of its entire evening schedule on a repeat basis. . . .

Gorden F. Andrus

card of identity

Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: The lengthy letter by Tamaás Aczél, published in your issue of Jan. 15, deserves some comments just because it is so symptomatic of our times. Mr. Aczél comes out with unqualified praise for the Congress for Cultural Freedom and other conduit agencies of the CIA, and discerns "the best possible Agitprop tradition" in the activities of those who disagree with him on the merits of the literary patronage system of the CIA.

Indeed, Mr. Aczél must be familiar with the traditions of the Agitprop which he served for many years faithfully enough to receive one of those medals that the Hungarian Communist Party was wont to bestow on its dedicated minor party functionaries. Needless to say, an ex-Communist is entitled to express his opinion, but his opinion should be evaluated by us (the liberals who have never been Communists) with the necessary judiciousness. . . . It seems to be symptomatic: the ex-Communists supporting McCarthyism in the 1950s and the ex-Communists supporting the CIA conduit agencies at present.

John Kosa

correction

An error of transcription reversed the meaning in one sentence of Jonathan Mirsky's review of *The Village of Ben Suc* by Jonathan Schell (Jan. 8). The sentence should have read: "The man who takes most of the credit for the operation assured me, however, that Schell's account is accurate."

Editors

EDITORIALS

The Ice Jam Is Breaking

The Johnson Administration has managed to contain its opponents in a frozen, impotent attitude of protest which seemed to have little effect on public opinion. The result was confusion. The people were left with an uneasy feeling that somehow the country had been inveigled into a senseless war, but that being in it, we had to win. From the cumulative assurances of Johnson, Rusk, Westmoreland and countless press agents of high and low degree ringing in their ears, they were hopeful that victory might not be too far off.

The Vietcong offensive is now almost three weeks old, and fighting is still going on in the two most crucial sectors, Hue and Saigon. Not without reason, Max Frankel reports from Washington (*New York Times*, February 14) that "senior Administration officials are speaking in the most respectful tones of the strategy of the enemy commander, Gen. Nguyen Giap, North Vietnam Defense Minister."

What is more important than the military situation, however, is the political breakthrough in the United States, and the corresponding changes in Vietnam. The true situation in Vietnam is as yet unassessable, but some indications are already evident. The Saigon government has heretofore exerted only precarious control in some provincial areas, but, except for spasmodic Vietcong terrorism, has kept a fairly firm hold on the cities and provincial capitals. Now the government is secure in neither sector. The rural pacification teams have been called back to defend the cities against possible future attacks, and the effort to "win the hearts and minds" of the peasants has been given up for the time being, and maybe for good.

In the United States things are no better. When American troops are overseas, American politicians are always reluctant to criticize the handiwork of the Commander in Chief. They may squirm and grimace and otherwise make their distress plain enough, but words that could possibly be construed as casting doubt on the virtue and eventual triumph of our military endeavor stick in their throats; there is always another election.

The political disarray of the past two weeks is therefore the more remarkable. Sen. Edward Kennedy is back from Saigon with a tale of corruption that shocks even a young man brought up to face the political realities of Boston. Sens. Mike Mansfield and Thruston Morton have measurably raised the level of their protest, the latter notably referring to the "bland and probably inaccurate" statements of General Westmoreland (when a Senator sneers at a front-line general it may be said that the jig is very nearly up) and counting doves in the Senate. Senators Fulbright and Aiken, members of the Foreign Relations Committee and two of the most widely respected Americans in public life today, no longer even try to conceal their distrust of Secretary Rusk. Nor is the disillusion confined to events in Vietnam; the biting remarks of David G. Nes on the occasion of his retirement from the Foreign Service (political timidity in Washington, he said, blocked the taking of steps that could have prevented

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Arab-Israeli War) were sensational in their implications, and failed to gain full public attention only because of the greater blunders coming to a head in Vietnam.

The central event in the recent breakup of Washington's reluctant coalition was Sen. Robert Kennedy's speech of February 8. The time has come, Senator Kennedy said, to take a new look at the war. Granted that the Vietcong will probably be unable to hold what they seized, granted that they paid a high price in casualties, the fact remains that half a million American soldiers (with the Seventh Fleet lying offshore and bombing at will) and 700,000 of our South Vietnamese allies were unable to protect a single city from the assault of an enemy whose total strength in South Vietnam could not be more than 250,000. The more men we have poured into South Vietnam (and now we are rushing another 10,500 into combat to allay General Westmoreland's quite justified fears) the worse our situation has become.

Senator Kennedy raised nine basic points, one after another. Military victory is not in sight. The pursuit of such a victory is not in our national interest. The progress we have claimed is illusory. The people of South Vietnam are not with us. The current regime is a liability, not an effective ally. Political compromise is the only way to extricate ourselves. Escalation is reducing the faith of other peoples in our wisdom and aims. The way to end the casualties is to end the war. Ninth and last, the Johnson Administration must tell us the truth, grim though it may be.

It had better start now. Delay can only make things worse, and they are bad enough already.

When the Bomb?

"There's an awful lot of soul-searching going on up here," a senior Democratic leader remarked to a Washington reporter. There have been reasons enough for soul-searching for a good many years, but one of them has forced its way into the news only in the past week or two. It takes the form of a question: If the war drags on, when, how and under what pretext will the United States, unable to win by conventional means, resort to nuclear weapons? The bombs are ready—hundreds of them stored in the magazines of U.S. aircraft carriers cruising in the Sea of Japan and the Gulf of Tonkin, hundreds more aloft in U.S. aircraft all across the world and in Polaris submarines under the sea. Our finger is ever on the doomsday trigger.

On February 5, it became known among scientists and engineers in the New York metropolitan area that a number of civilian specialists in nuclear weaponry, high-energy physics and allied fields had suddenly been detached from their duties at universities and corporations and dispatched on a secret mission to South Vietnam. Among the colleagues of these experts there was naturally a certain amount of guarded speculation. One theory was that the use of low-yield nuclear weapons was contemplated at Khesanh. A week later, on February 12, *The New York Times* carried a story on this development by Walter Sullivan, the paper's science editor.

On February 9, George Christian, Mr. Johnson's press secretary, assured the White House press corps that the

IN THIS ISSUE

February 26, 1968

EDITORIALS

258

ARTICLES

261 Americans for Democratic Action: The Aging Men of Principle — *Robert G. Sherrill*

263 The Peace Corps: A Dream Betrayed — *Gerald D. Berreman*

269 The Vietnam Dead — *William Eastlake*

270 Teaching the "Pre-Baccs": Headstart for College — *Leonard Kriegel*

274 Letter from London: Socialism's Crisis of Theory — *Raymond Williams*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

277 The Warren Report & the Irreconcilables — *Fred J. Cook*

278 Letter (poem) — *Milton Kessler*

281 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

283 Music — *Benjamin Boretz*

285 Films — *Robert Hatch*

287 Crossword Puzzle — *Frank W. Lewis*

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW JR.

Associate Publisher
GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Editor
CAREY McWILLIAMS

Associate Editor
PHIL KERBY

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
HELEN YGLESIAS

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, JOHN LOGAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, MAX KOZLOFF; Music, BENJAMIN BORETZ; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON.

Washington, ROBERT G. SHERRILL; Paris, ALEXANDER WERTH; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD; United Nations, ANNE TUCKERMAN.

The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1968 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014, Tel.: CH 2-8400. West Coast office (for editorial correspondence only): 1256 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Tel.: GR 4-2538. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 206
No. 9

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

President had not received any request from the Joint Chiefs of Staff for nuclear action. Charges to this effect, Mr. Christian assured the reporters, were false and unfair. The public will have to decide how much comfort it dares to take from this assertion, particularly in the light of a later statement from Gen. Earle G. Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, that he did "not think that nuclear weapons will be required to defend Khesanh." Sen. Joseph Clark was one of those not reassured by Mr. Christian's display of indignation. If North Vietnam gained the upper hand at Khesanh, he feared that the United States might be "tempted."

Are the surmises irresponsible? Hasn't this war been full of surprises, most of them unpleasant to the American side and damaging to such remnants of credibility as the Johnson Administration retains? Hasn't Mr. Nixon cried out at the disgrace of having a "fourth-rate power" "pirating" an American man-of-war? Doesn't the latest Gallup poll show that four Americans out of ten favor using force to get the *Pueblo* back, while only two favor further negotiation?

Now suppose that on top of all the frustrations and bedevilment the Johnson Administration has inflicted on the American people, and despite the written promises of victory by the Joint Chiefs, General Giap should pull something out of his hat, as he did in 1954? With U.S. air power in action it is scarcely likely that he can stage a full-fledged Dienbienphu, but he might cause a lot of trouble at Khesanh—or some other place where we least expect it. General Wheeler has given his technical opinion that Khesanh can be held without the use of nuclear weapons. But suppose he turns out to be wrong, as generals so often are? Will the Joint Chiefs who signed that paper, and Mr. Johnson who is running hellbent for that re-election, chivalrously refrain from using aught but TNT against an enemy guilty of the incredible atrocity of refusing to come to the negotiation table to surrender to Uncle Sam? Anyone who believes that could be sold Brooklyn Bridge.

Thar's Gold in Those Hills

Mineral King Valley is a 15,000-acre enclave of wilderness surrounded on three sides by the Sequoia National Park in the Sierra Nevada, halfway between Los Angeles and San Francisco. The valley, ringed by peaks towering above its 7,800-foot elevation, is one of the most beautiful primitive areas remaining in California.

The 60,000-member Sierra Club and other conservation groups have fought to have Mineral King incorporated into the Sequoia reserve from which it was excluded in deference to pioneer gold and silver mining, long defunct. A narrow, winding, partly paved, partly dirt road provides the only access to the valley, which is a summer take-off point for pack trains and hikers into the high Sierras. All this will change. The Walt Disney Enterprises, with the enthusiastic cooperation of two federal agencies and the reluctant approval of another, plans to convert this natural paradise into an Alpine Disneyland.

For nine months, Stewart L. Udall, Secretary of the Department of the Interior, opposed the development, which he said would "violate" the valley and create water and air pollution problems, but he finally caved in under pressure from the U.S. Forest Service and the Budget Bureau. These agencies support the development as beneficial to the area and as a revenue-producing plan for the government. Walt Disney Enterprises has promised to invest $35 million in the project and will rent the valley at an amount not yet determined. The Department of the Interior is preparing right-of-way agreements that will permit the state of California to build a 26-mile, two-lane, all-weather access highway, the key to unlocking the valley for commercial exploitation.

Orville L. Freeman, Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, which runs the Forest Service, insists that each phase of the development will be supervised to make certain that the aesthetic and ecological values of the valley are protected. The Sierra Club views such assurances with pessimism. It predicts that the development will draw as many as 16,000 visitors at one time into the narrow, 300-acre valley bottom, which would produce a population density greater than that of New York City.

The Sierra Club will ask Secretary Udall to reconsider his approval and may go to court in an attempt to stop the project. Success is not likely. Already land speculation has started in the little town of Three Rivers on state route 198 leading to the Mineral King road. The Disney operation, which has bipartisan political sanction, will mine more gold from the valley than was ever dreamed of by the pioneers. When big money is at stake, the natural heritage of future Americans always loses.

Arms for Latin America

We are engaged in a new and even more unconscionable wave of arms selling in Latin America. These are not the cast-off implements of World War II, or other second-hand goods, but modern, sophisticated jet fighters, tanks, communications equipment—everything needed for the most efficient mass-killing of military forces similarly equipped. Military aid has escalated almost exponentially in the past year. We are not alone in this deplorable enterprise; the French are competing vigorously.

The purpose behind all this hawking of military hardware is not obvious—few American operations in Latin America are. There has not been an authentic war between South American nations for more than a quarter of a century. Of course there is Fidel Castro, but he can just about manage to keep himself economically afloat with Soviet help, which seems to be doled out with increasing reluctance. Nor are such items as jet fighters serviceable for putting down guerrilla insurrections, which in any case are in a very enfeebled state in that part of the world. Such outbreaks as have occurred have totally failed to enlist popular support. The latest example was in Bolivia, a country about as poor and wretched as they come, but where Che Guevara, for all his charisma and military experience, went to his death in a hopeless fight against one of the weakest armies on the continent.

The fact seems to be that in Latin America, as elsewhere, we mainly seek *influence*—and always a particular kind of influence. We want to stand in with the well-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heeled minority and the armed forces that protect them and their possessions. We are counterrevolutionary by instinct, but rationalize our stand in the name of law and order. A recent State Department pronouncement puts it succinctly, though not convincingly:

"Basically we support the Alliance for Progress. But you can't separate the military from the far larger area of economic and social change and improvement. The economy of a nation and the welfare of its people cannot progress in a climate of civil disturbance."

But where is the improvement, where the progress? The military are there for the precise purpose of preventing anything of the sort. The aristocracy and the dictators bleed the peasants, while the United States, with some European competition, sells the generals arms which they don't need but which give them a feeling of power and something to do with their troops, who are given training in the use of the new weapons.

The officers get training too, under the pleasant conditions existing at American bases. Each year the U.S. Southern Command, with headquarters in the Panama Canal Zone, enrolls more than 2,000 Latin American officers in U.S. military courses, ranging all the way up to the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth and the Inter-American Defense College in Washington. The School of the Americas at Fort Gulick in the Canal Zone has instructed more than 20,000 Latin military men, who take home with them the prestige of a village cop who has attended an FBI school on combating the nonexistent Reds of his neighborhood.

All this and much more has been documented by John M. Goshko of *The Washington Post* Foreign News Service, and inserted by Senators Fulbright and Morse in the *Congressional Record*. Prof. John J. Johnson, the Stanford historian and Latin American expert, says we are sticking with the ultimate losers—the top-dogs of today who will go down in the future social disturbances which American policy is breeding. This course has all the wisdom and foresight of an earlier policy established on the same premises: *"Après nous le déluge."*

Humane Doctors: Inhumane Law

Medical research indicates that a woman who contracts German measles during the first three months of pregnancy runs a 50 per cent risk of giving birth to a deformed child. During an outbreak of the disease in 1965, nine San Francisco physicians performed a series of abortions, receiving approval in each case from a hospital staff committee (see "Abortion: Laws and Attitudes," *The Nation*, June 12, 1967). Under a California law enacted in 1872, the State Board of Medical Examiners brought charges of unprofessional conduct against the nine; after hearings, two of the doctors were publicly rebuked and a third was placed on probation for a year. This is the first time in the ninety-six-year history of the statute that action has been taken against physicians for openly terminating pregnancies in a hospital for therapeutic reasons.

The board acted with evident reluctance at the insistence of a Los Angeles physician who said: "I was interested from a legal standpoint. These doctors were saying they were above the law." Dr. Edmund W. Overstreet, vice chairman of obstetrics at the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco, expressed the majority medical view when he asserted that "violation of an archaic statute" is not unprofessional conduct. A survey last year of 748 California physicians revealed that 590 occasionally had performed such abortions. The nine physicians, torn between the law and modern, humane medical practice, are victims of a legal trap that defies both modern medicine and social reality. Last year, the California legislature liberalized the 1872 statute, which permitted abortions only to save the life of the mother. Among other grounds, the new law allows abortions when continued pregnancy would seriously endanger the mother's physical or mental health. The prospect of having a deformed child should certainly come within this category. However, the new law specifically omits German measles from the list of conditions that would make an abortion legal, Governor Reagan having said that he would not sign a bill in which the disease was included.

AMERICANS FOR DEMOCRATIC ACTION

THE AGING MEN OF PRINCIPLE

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

The threadbare but starched gentility of the Americans for Democratic Action hierarchy charmingly recalls those pukka British officers who insisted on ceremonial tiffin and cricket at their jungle outposts around the world as the Empire slipped away. The ADA's fading "empire" is that old coalition of New Deal alumni, independent liberals and labor leaders who were both frightened into defensive action by the Red Scare of the late 1940s and early 1950s and at the same time unwilling to desert the cause of liberalism for total safety. They took every precaution to avoid being called radicals, and nobody but demagogues like Lyndon Johnson and James Eastland were so silly as to see them as such. It was an upper-middle-class, unimaginative, middle-of-the-road organization which, nevertheless, served as a useful rallying point in the fight against McCarthyism and for the leftover FDR-Truman ideas in the 1950s when the Democratic leadership in Congress was practically nonexistent. Survivors include. . . .

Why does one come away from the ADA Executive Board meetings held here over the February 10 weekend thinking in these retrospective, almost obituary terms? Because the ADA does seem almost dead—all the more so, curiously, because of this latest spasm of activity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But give the ADAers their due. In a period that has established an almost permanent inconsistency between politics and principle, the ADA has (by a moderate majority) once again tried to combine the two via the candidacy of Sen. Eugene McCarthy. Forty-seven of the ADA board argued that the McCarthy candidacy is a waste of time, but sixty-five decided they would prefer to waste their time backing what the minority called a hopeless candidate than to support a hopeless war, even by indirection.

It was hardly an astonishing conclusion for a liberal organization to arrive at; and the tortured and ritualistic debate through which the ADA had to plod its weary way hardly testifies to much vitality of judgment. All day, the five-score delegates—high church liberals, all: Hans Morgenthau, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Rep. Don Edwards, Victor Reuther, Bayard Rustin and the like—harangued and exhorted one another to go in various directions, before voting on a resolution stating the most obvious of liberal positions ("We look with deep concern upon the effect of this [Vietnam] conflict on American policy elsewhere in the world," etc., etc.), and endorsing a most orthodox and respectable candidate, Senator McCarthy.

There was a hang-up over "practical politics," which in itself is a symptom of the ADA's arterial condition, but this was eased slightly when, to the original resolution written by long-time ADA wheel horse Joseph Rauh, a tenderizing amendment was added by ADA president Kenneth Galbraith. I quote it in full because it tells everything there is to say, both good and bad, about the present condition of the ADA: "This position is taken in full recognition of the position of a part of our membership which does not agree. In their view, although it often involves deep disapproval of the Vietnam war, the greater danger to liberalism in our time is from the nomination and election of a reactionary Republican. Alternatively, as practical liberals they recognize the odds against a successful challenge to an incumbent President. These positions command our respect. Accordingly, the majority makes it explicitly clear that its action does not interfere with the liberty and conscience of those who dissent."

That must have left LBJ tossing all night.

The opponents of the resolution mustered a wide variety of quibbles. Professor Emile Benoit advised that liberals should support the Vietnamese War because if we lost it with humiliation, a new wave of McCarthyism could come in its wake. Robert Nathan argued that passing the pro-McCarthy resolution now would only weaken the peace issue at the May ADA convention by inspiring the hawks to seek vengeance. Leon Keyserling, who later resigned, objected on a more basic principle: "A spoiled group of intellectuals who can claim less than 20,000 members nationally can be an effective force for pushing new ideas—200 or even 20 can do that—but it is silly for a group of that size to talk about dumping the President of 200 million people." He wants the ADA to be a program machine rather than a political machine.

After the vote was taken, John Roche quit. Galbraith said this came as a surprise to him, but it came as a surprise to nobody else because Roche had been going around all day saying that if the pro-McCarthy resolution passed he was through. What else could he do? He was one of the founders of the ADA and has held top offices in the organization, but he is on the White House payroll now as jester in residence, his job seeming mainly to invent insults—in the nasty manner of a left-wing Bill Buckley—aimed at his old colleagues. He delivered a couple of samples at the board meeting: "By May, McCarthy may have retired to a monastery. Or he may give up politics for Lent." Another: "This won't kill the ADA. It's virtually impossible to kill an organization. There is probably somewhere in the U.S.A. a committee opposing the Spanish-American War that still has an office and still pays an executive secretary."

The epigrammatic departure of Roche raised the question—which eventually proved to be academic—of what action Vice President Hubert Humphrey would take. Galbraith said he hoped Humphrey wouldn't quit and spoke of the ADA's "continuous affection" for Humphrey, one of the ADA's founders and, for many years, the personification of ADA standards in American politics. But Monday's *New York Times* carried a statement from Norman Sherman, the Vice President's press secretary, that Mr. Humphrey had quit the ADA three years ago. Being a politician, he had done it in a political way: by ceasing to pay his dues and allowing his membership to lapse. Americans for Democratic Action does not keep its books with the rigor of the American Automobile Association; you are not struck from the rolls for a seeming absent mindedness as to dues, particularly you are not severed if you are also Vice President of the United States. It is little wonder that Galbraith was still figuratively throwing his arm around "Brother Hubert" three years after Humphrey's exit on tiptoes.

There will always be a lamp in the window for Humphrey, who, old ADAers are convinced, just *can't* mean to be a hawk. Not long ago, when Joe Rauh decided to work for McCarthy, he went to Humphrey and told him what he was going to do. "He did not try to dissuade me," Rauh recalls. "What he did was make a firm talk about how the war is right and how he believes in the war. When he had finished, I said, 'I know you believe in the war, but I believe that if you were President of the United States you would have us out of the war in 90 days.' And he said, 'But I just told you, I believe in everything the President is doing.' I said, 'I think you think that and I believe you honestly believe that, but you don't have the kind of independent judgment about that that you would have if you were President and unrestricted by the views of anyone else.' He denied it." But of course Rauh still didn't believe him.

How much of labor will stay with the ADA after the McCarthy resolution is still not known. There were twelve important union leaders on the ADA board, and as of this writing nine of them, including Walter Reuther, are sticking. I. W. Abel of the United Steelworkers, Louis Stulberg of the ILGWU and Joseph A. Beirne of the Communications Workers have quit; David Dubinsky, honorary president of the ILGWU, is keeping his position on the board. Jack Conway, who is ADA executive committee chairman, as well as director of the AFL-CIO's Industrial Union Department, said he was staying in the ADA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the most talkative opponent of the resolution was Gus Tyler, vice president of the ILGWU, whom Rauh identified, with no supporting evidence, as "the White House's hatchet man." Since the board meeting was closed, newspaper reporters standing around outside were only too happy to listen to anyone who looked alive and Tyler took full advantage of this boredom, spending most of the day reciting his reasons for thinking McCarthy to be an "irrelevant candidate" who has made "America more hawkish than ever," has increased Lyndon Johnson's popularity, has "fractionalized the peace movement" and has "badly injured Kennedy." Tyler had asked the board, "Is it for this man that we lay our life on the line?" Furthermore, he said, McCarthy is "drifting from left to right," and he had statistics to show it—over the past nineteen years the Senator has had an average ADA legislative score of 92 per cent, but in 1967 it dropped to 62 per cent.

From 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., Tyler had periodically popped out to reassert that a pro-McCarthy vote would "smash the coalition" by driving trade unionists representing 5 million members out of the ADA; but after the vote was in at 5:30, he changed his tune. His fiery threats had been made in the shadowy hallways; under the TV lights he seemed to melt. Asked on camera if the unions would withdraw, he said, "I do not know what the unions will do. I come in a purely personal capacity."

If anyone in the ADA can be called a strongman, it is probably Rauh, who is generally credited with supplying the shoulder that really got the organization moving toward the McCarthy showdown and with blocking a worse compromise than was finally agreed on. His purpose was higher than mere contention. He was making an effort to restore some life to this organization which he loves. The ADA is middle-aged (the average age of the delegates to this meeting must surely have been close to 50). It is obviously tired. It is even more obviously Establishmentarian, with many of its leaders operating either as cronies or official advisers to the men that have created the current governmental stalemate. And it ran out of ideas several years ago. Not long ago, in a moment of rare candor, Humphrey remarked that the ADA had achieved all the goals it had been set up to achieve, leaving clear the impression that he felt it was no longer a significant organization. (If it is no longer significant, neither is he, because he rose in politics riding the same issues, vintage 1947, and he has offered few fresh ones since.) One reason for this decay has been the comparatively reactionary attitude of some of the member unions which, originally, supplied the money and the political savvy that the intellectual liberals badly needed.

If those old-line laborites wish to use the McCarthy fuss as an excuse to withdraw from the ADA, Rauh and his supporters will not much mind. He is fairly confident that peace organizations and other young-blood sources will supply replacements. Both Roche-wingers and Rauh-wingers agree that the McCarthy movement tends away from the national ADA cadre and toward the chapters, the rank-and-filers around the country. "If we don't pass this resolution," Galbraith said during the luncheon break, "we'll lose two-thirds of our members tomorrow." While the national cadre has a moderately high status, the chapters often have actual ward-level effectiveness. Some political observers believe that Stokes would not be mayor of Cleveland today except for the local ADA's support, and in Philadelphia, New York and other big urban centers the ADA organizational enthusiasm has been felt in local elections.

To gamble for new strength from the chapter rank-and-file may be wise, but it is also an act of desperation. The chapters are mercurial in their interests and energies. The dependable characters who have given the ADA its long-range appeal have been drawn from the intellectual elite that topped the national organization—a crowd that used to sound much like a bunch of old-school boys wearing the same ideological tie. With that unanimity now dissolved—in a 65 to 47 vote over something as basic as whether to support a peace or war candidate—the ADA no longer has either unity or an ideology at the national level. Reading the contested solution again, one cannot be sure what the ADA does have left.

The Peace Corps: A Dream Betrayed

GERALD D. BERREMAN
Mr Berreman is professor of anthropology at the University of California. His area of special interest is India. He lectured on that country to Peace Corps trainees at several universities, before dissociating himself from the Peace Corps in 1965 in protest against the war in Vietnam. Mr. Berreman is the author of Hindus of the Himalayas *(University of California Press).*

"The generation for which I speak has seen enough of warmongers, let our great role in history be that of peacemakers."

With these words President Kennedy seven years ago introduced the Peace Corps, a program which fired the public imagination and which has been widely acknowledged to be among the most inspiring accomplishments of an inspiring President. Its aim was to promote world peace by working to eliminate the root causes of war: poverty, ignorance, hunger, despair and, perhaps above all, the disparity between standards of living within and between nations. It would accomplish this by sending to developing nations, at their request, skilled Americans trained in the languages and cultures of the host nations. This was to be a people-to-people program; the Americans would be volunteers, unpaid except for subsistence allow-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ances, expected to live insofar as possible as peers among those with whom they would work.

Today, the bright promise of the Peace Corps is badly corroded; the ringing phrases which introduced it have a distinctly hollow sound. True, 12,250 volunteers are working in fifty-eight nations, and nearly 15,000 others have completed their two years of service. But the signs of corrosion are many. The Peace Corps has been ejected from Pakistan, Guinea, Mauritania and Gabon. Demands for its ouster are proliferating, and its future is now doubtful in several nations, including Turkey where there were 590 Peace Corps Volunteers (PCVs) in 1965 and are now only 220. In the United States Peace Corps applications have declined precipitously. In 1967 they dropped 50 per cent at the University of California, Berkeley, which has been the largest contributor of applicants and trainees in every year since the founding of the Corps. Ray Holland, director of recruiting for the Peace Corps, reported in December that applications had declined 30 per cent nationally in 1967. Several important staff members have resigned recently, including Deputy Director Warren Wiggins and Associate Director Harris Wofford.

What happened? The Peace Corps began with high hopes and widespread good will. It attracted as volunteers some of the nation's most energetic and unselfish youth. They combined idealism and practicality to win the respect and affection of many of those among whom they worked, including some who had doubted their capabilities or motives. The Peace Corps appointed as regional representatives and staff members able and dedicated people from many walks of life, animated by the desire that this might be a successful moral alternative to war. Today such people are leaving or have left, and those who replace them are of a different mold. The directorship has passed from an imaginative New Frontiersman to a colorless cold warrior. The Peace Corps itself is worried about the high proportion of "bland" volunteers who, in the words of a *New York Times* report, "do not grasp the potential of such projects as community development."

The widespread disenchantment with the Peace Corps is not simply a phenomenon of that organization; it reflects the decline in public confidence at home and abroad in a government that pursues an unpopular and unjust war in Vietnam, supports every avowedly anti-Communist government that rears its head, regardless of what it does to or for its people, and is floundering in a deteriorating domestic situation closely linked to the international one. The most eloquent and convincing critiques of the Peace Corps have come from PCVs and returned PCVs themselves. Eight in Ecuador wrote recently a carefully reasoned "indictment of the Peace Corps," which was published in several newspapers. It began: "We joined the Peace Corps because we thought it would afford us a means of helping developing nations without imposing the United States' political and cultural values on them. . . . We were wrong. We now see that the Peace Corps is arrogant and colonialist in the same way as the government of which it is a part."

Recruiting director Holland acknowledged the problem in an interview reported in the *San Francisco Chronicle* of December 13, 1967. Commenting on the drop in Peace Corps applications, he said that there is "an increasing reluctance on the part of young people to become associated with the U.S. Government, which they see waging a war they cannot support." He may have been led to this conclusion partly by the fact that six months earlier more than 800 ex-PCVs had signed a letter to President Johnson, stating that in the context of the war in Vietnam young Americans would "be reluctant to participate at all in overseas programs of the Government," and conveying their conviction that "American policy is seriously undermining the contribution America can make toward achieving" the kind of world envisioned by the Peace Corps.

There are at least four major reasons for disenchantment with the Peace Corps at home and abroad, three growing from the corruption of U.S. foreign policy and the deterioration of domestic policy, and the fourth from the bureaucratization of the Peace Corps itself.

One of these directs no criticism at the Peace Corps as such, but regards it as a relatively minor and benevolent expression of an Administration whose major expression—the war in Vietnam—is directly opposed to everything for which the Peace Corps stands. The same government which is helping peasants become more productive farmers in India is defoliating crops and killing peasants in Vietnam.

Last October, twenty-four PCVs in Brazil, petitioning for a negotiated settlement in Vietnam, wrote to *The New York Times* that "there is an inherent contradiction in representing a Government which is engaging in a war while serving that Government in the 'Peace Corps.' "

The attitude of many of those the Peace Corps now seeks to recruit parallels the reaction of an acquaintance who talked with government officials in Vietnam a couple of years ago about the burning of villages by U.S. Marines. He was told, "Yes, but there is another, untold side to the war. The Marine band performs for the Vietnamese orphanages." This led him to ask himself, "When should the piccolo player quit the band?" And he answered, "Now." Many who see nothing wrong with what the Peace Corps is doing—who even find it laudable—simply cannot stomach the hypocrisy. They have decided that they will not play the piccolo, even for orphans, in the employ of an Administration whose main business is burning villages and making orphans. That that *is* the main business is suggested in the position paper opposing the war published in *Ramparts* magazine (September, 1967) by the Committee of Returned Volunteers, and signed by 659 overseas volunteers, 520 of them PCVs. It notes that "every two days the equivalent of the annual Peace Corps budget is spent for the war in Vietnam." In this context the Peace Corps is at best a poignant gesture; at worst a cruel hoax.

Abroad, these inconsistencies are seen even more clearly than in the United States. Peace Corps Director Vaughn demonstrated monumental insensitivity when he wrote in the *Saturday Review* last January that "a volunteer who has worked hard in Brazil for two years need not feel that his work there has been undone by what is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

going on in Vietnam, and I suspect that Brazilians feel there is virtually no relationship between what the volunteer has accomplished in Brazil and what is happening in Vietnam." The overwhelming evidence is to the contrary. Citizens of host nations as well as PCVs have increasingly pointed out the relationship—not just with the war in Vietnam, but with all U.S. foreign policy.

A second, related, ground for opposition to the Corps is the use made of it to divert attention from, or to excuse, less palatable aspects of U.S. foreign policy, notably the war. It is often held up to an outraged and fearful world as evidence of the peaceful intent of the United States. As a student commented, for this Administration to support and boast of the Peace Corps is as though Murder, Inc., were to sponsor an orphanage and point to this as extenuation for its other activities. In this view, the Peace Corps ceases to be merely an innocent concomitant of an insupportable foreign policy and becomes part of that policy. PCV Fred Lonidier (Philippines) drew attention to this when he wrote a letter to the *Manila Times* in November, 1966, asking "whether or not the Peace Corps is perhaps an expendable political gimmick kept in existence to give the lie to any challenges to Johnson's peaceful intentions."

There is hardly an official mention of the 1965 Dominican Republic uprising, in which U.S. Marines interfered heavily and brutally, that does not stress the benevolent role of a few courageous Peace Corps Volunteers who moved about on both sides of the fighting. Director Vaughn, summing up the first seven years of Peace Corps activity, describes that event as "perhaps their finest hour." Yet it was the Marines who prevailed. The Peace Corps thus serves as a sugar-coating, and a thin one at that, for the bitter pill of U.S. military policy.

It is clear that the Administration would like to divert domestic protest from the war and that it has attempted to use the Peace Corps as one means to do so. Vice President Humphrey, in October, 1965, said to the Peace Corps National Advisory Council that "Many of those who demonstrated [on Vietnam Day] are just sincere, idealistic youths whose idealism could well be channeled"; presumably away from the war, where their protest hurts, to more innocuous programs such as the Peace Corps where, thousands of miles away, they could devote their energies to helping peasants. This relationship between the Peace Corps and the war was made explicit by columnists Robert Allen and Paul Scott on October 14, 1965, when they informed their readers, approvingly, that former White House aide Richard Goodwin, at the Institute of Advanced Studies at Wesleyan in Connecticut, had a private mission from the Johnson Administration "to put a damper on the differences over U.S. Vietnam policy and channel this student protest effort into support for the administration's social programs," both at home and overseas.

The recurrent hostility of Peace Corps officials toward the peace movement is illuminating in this regard. Kirby Jones, desk officer for Ecuador, while recruiting on the West Coast in October, 1966, remarked that protest activity is "not really a genuine service. The Peace Corps offers active participation in things that are really happening," and he described the "electric climate" on the Berkeley campus as "phony, amateurish and superficial" as contrasted to the reality of the Peace Corps. Vaughn said in the *Saturday Review*: ". . . We are well advised to take a good long look at anything which arrogates unto itself the label of a peace movement by that or any other name. Is it studded with eminent signatures and famous personalities, long lists of names in fine print, and guest speakers? Having consigned most of my life to this cause, I know enough about the movement for peace—real peace—to say forget that approach." Vaughn, director of the Peace Corps since 1966, was described by Marshall Windmiller, associate professor of international relations at San Francisco State College, in a recent Pacifica Radio commentary as "a vigorous anti-Communist . . . who had helped to develop American counterinsurgency policy in Latin America," and was opposed for confirmation in his Peace Corps appointment by Sen. Wayne Morse who said "as Assistant Secretary for Latin American Affairs, in my judgment, he was grossly incompetent." Little wonder that enthusiasm for the Peace Corps has waned.

The recruiting literature is itself revealing, with its inept use of the rhetoric of protest—rhetoric which has admittedly failed to lure student activists to the Peace Corps. Terms such as "revolution," "agitation," "alienation," "free speech issue," have been much used, assuring the prospective volunteer that these terms have real meaning in the Peace Corps as contrasted to the sandbox of student protest. On the contrary, activist students have come to view the Peace Corps as a sandbox wherein the foreign policy they find abhorrent is tacitly or overtly endorsed and the *status quo* is perpetuated in the very societies where the Peace Corps does its allegedly revolutionary work.

This raises a third major source of disenchantment with the Peace Corps—the belief that it is neither an innocent adjunct to a corrupt U.S. foreign policy nor simply a diversion from that policy but that it is a direct agency of that policy. This conviction, originally expressed only in the anti-American press, has grown markedly in recent months even among PCVs themselves. It does not rest on the generally discredited allegations that the Peace Corps may be a cover for CIA activity. (Although Vietnamese journalist Tran Van Dinh, writing from Washington, asked pointedly in a recent column: "How, in an organized bureaucracy, does one agency not exchange information and ideas with another under the same command?") Rather, the conviction rests on pronouncements from within and without the Peace Corps about its aims. Charles J. Wertzel has pointed out that from the beginning Congress visualized it as a "weapon of American foreign policy against communism," and President Kennedy, in his speech outlining the Peace Corps program, spoke of the need for an antidote to the "missionaries of communism" abroad in the world. Hubert Humphrey, then a Senator, said bluntly in 1960: "This program is to be a part of the total foreign policy of the United States . . . to combat the virus of Communist totalitarianism." Director Vaughn noted in an address at Utah State University in December, 1966, that PCVs are "second

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to no other Americans, including troops in Vietnam, in performing service for this nation."

When in June, 1967, the Peace Corps fired a PCV in Chile for publicly opposing the Vietnamese War, and warned ninety-two others there of possible disciplinary action growing out of an anti-war petition, five PCVs in Ecuador wrote to *The New York Times* that "we have been ordered to support the war in Vietnam—with our silence at least." They pointed out that "now the distinction between the Peace Corps and other agencies of the United States Government has become blurred," with a resultant loss of confidence among those the volunteers came to help.

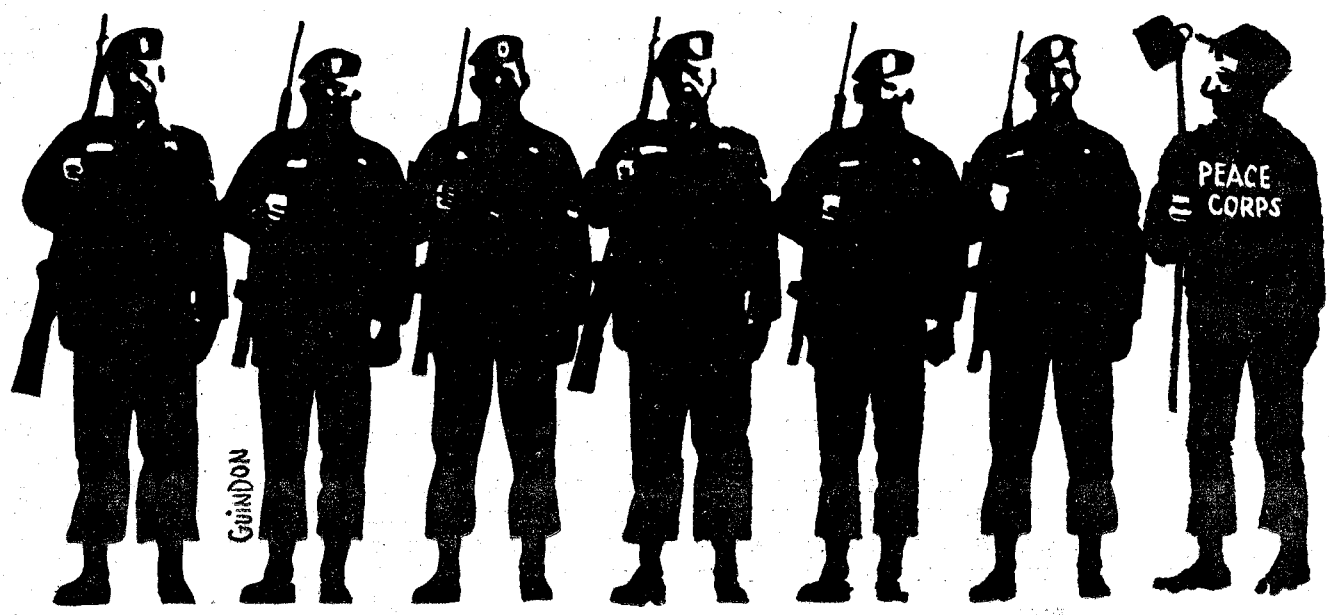
Peace Corps spokesmen have consistently gloried in attacks or criticisms identifiable as coming from Communist sources. They have seen them as evidence of Peace Corps effectiveness and have exploited them heavily in their press releases. Under Vaughn, cold-war language has become increasingly familiar. This orientation has alienated a large section of potential volunteers for whom the cold war is at once irrelevant and reminiscent of the McCarthy era. The Committee of Returned Volunteers showed considerably more understanding than official Peace Corps spokesmen when they wrote of the war in Vietnam "that the anti-Communist rhetoric used to justify our actions there obscures the fact that the basic division in the world today is between rich and poor." That same rhetoric generates in host countries the kind of response which leads to demands for expulsion of PCVs.

Two years ago, Professor Windmiller endorsed the Peace Corps as an effective agency for constructive change in the world, and one with which war protesters could ally themselves. He saw it as a healthy element in the otherwise sickly landscape of U.S. policy, and therefore to be nurtured. On November 16, 1967, he reversed this stand as he traced the recent history of the Corps, its emergence as an overt agency of U.S. policy under President Johnson, and the special role it now plays: "Its mission is the same as that of the American armed forces in Vietnam. It is a highly political mission: to support the governments that are friendly to us. . . . The Peace Corps therefore is not an instrument of change but an instrument of the *status quo*. Not a revolutionary organization but a counterrevolutionary organization. It is the advance guard of the Marines—counterinsurgency in a velvet glove."

The work of the Peace Corps is described in its own literature as constructive "social revolution" which "sidesteps" conventional revolution to bring modernization to developing nations. Windmiller pointed out the inherent contradiction in this terminology. "Modernization in developing areas," he said, "is a political as well as an economic and social process. The Peace Corps never really confronted this difficult fact, and instead tried to be constructive without being political. It failed, and gradually became political; not political on the side of change but political on the side of stability and the maintenance of the *status quo*."

Conor Cruise O'Brien has described the position of the U.S. Government, and hence the Peace Corps, as being "in favor of social revolution, verbally, provided this takes place peacefully, and it exhorts parasitic ruling classes to inculcate social revolution, just as it exhorts Dr. Verwoerd to abandon apartheid. And with the same degree of success. Failing peaceful social revolution, it favors no revolution—combined with continued exhortation." The Mexican anthropologist, Guillermo Bonfil Batalla, has observed that "sometimes it looks as if those who work along the road of slow evolution intend to achieve only minimal changes, so that the situation continues to be substantially the same; this is, in other words, *to change what is necessary so that things remain the same.* Those who act according to such a point of view may honestly believe that their work is useful and transforming; however, they have in fact aligned themselves with the conservative elements who oppose the structural transformations that cannot be postponed in our [Latin American] countries." The Peace Corps is guided by that point of view.

This has not escaped PCVs. The position paper of the



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Committee of Returned Volunteers included the statement: "Although its name indicates a goal of serving the forces of peaceful change, we wonder whether the Peace Corps' effect has not at times been to impede rather than accelerate the movement into a future of greater abundance and full political participation."

The anxiety of Peace Corps administrators, lest the implied appeal for change be taken literally, is reflected in their fence-straddling recruiting poster: "Why join the Peace Corps? Not to change the world, but not to leave it the same either."

The fourth major cause of disaffection comes from within the Corps itself. Its idealism is frequently said to have been lost as it has become increasingly bureaucratized and increasingly tied to other agencies of the government. As the Peace Corps has grown it has become more a creature of its administration and less an instrument of its volunteers. As one veteran Peace Corps trainer put it, "it is dominated by its middle and top level management—its own international jet-set. At one time it was 'people'; now it is 'Establishment.'"

Part of the change for the worse is attributable to change in administration; especially Director Sargent Shriver's replacement by Jack Hood Vaughn in February, 1966, with resultant closer ties to the Johnson Administration. Vaughn's record in the directorship and the continuity of that record with his pre-Peace Corps performance substantiate this interpretation, as do the defections of key Peace Corps staff members during his time in office.

Windmiller, commenting on the deterioration of the Peace Corps under Vaughn, quotes recruiting literature that has shifted its emphasis from social service and idealism, to self-interest and personal advancement. As a consequence of this, the typical PCV has changed from an individual who wants to improve the world to one who is "essentially a conformist," who will do what the Peace Corps tells him to do because it will help him find a job or otherwise advance himself. Windmiller points out the evident preference for volunteers who are what Peace Corps literature has called "quiet mouth" Americans, who do not express opinions and do not get into arguments. This inference is given credence by Vaughn's *Saturday Review* article where, attacking anti-war movements, he asserts that "peace is a quiet passion," wherein "you bite your tongue 100 times for every time you speak a word." Evidently this is true for words of protest only; certainly the Peace Corps cannot be accused of having conserved words in its own praise.

The eight volunteers from Ecuador, in their indictment of the Peace Corps said: "Nearly everyone in the Peace Corps is aware that the organization exists for the American public—not for the volunteers, and certainly not for the countries where it works. Whenever a problem comes up, the staff's first question is: will this hurt our image? . . . The image that the staff seeks to maintain conflicts, in practice, with the work the volunteers want to do." The preoccupation with image has led to a credibility gap within the Peace Corps analogous to the gap which Americans have come to identify with policy agencies of our government. It includes suppression of political expression by PCVs, many of whom were recruited partly on the basis of their political awareness and with the promise that the Peace Corps would afford opportunity for its expression. At Berkeley, in 1966, Vaughn said the Peace Corps itself is "outside politics." "Asked if a PC volunteer would be relieved of his post if he spoke out against the war in Vietnam, he replied," according to the *Daily Californian*, "that PC volunteers are free to maintain any political position they care to." On June 30, 1967, the Peace Corps announced that Bruce Murray, teaching music in a university in Chile, was fired by the Peace Corps for identifying himself as a PCV in a letter protesting the war in Vietnam and published in a Chilean newspaper. Shortly thereafter, in a letter to *The New York Times*, ex-associate director of the Peace Corps, Harris Wofford, expressed his disagreement with the policy of curbing dissent in the Peace Corps. This policy has repelled potential volunteers eager to work for peace but unwilling to be muzzled in their statements or actions.

Political expressions by returnees are impossible to control, and even the views of those still within the Corps are proving difficult to curb, as the quotations in this article suggest. Francis Pollock made clear in "Peace Corps Returnees: The New World They See" [*The Nation*, July 3, 1967] that ex-PCVs are likely to become an increasingly irritating thorn in the side of the Establishment as they become increasingly organized. He quoted Vaughn's petulant comment on a letter to the President, criticizing the war and signed by 800 ex-PCVs (7 per cent of all returnees): "The letter was not spontaneous. I know it was done by outsiders." If ex-PCVs are that subject to manipulation, the Peace Corps is not nearly as successful as it claims to be in its selection and training programs.

A consequence of the greater concern with image than with effect in the Peace Corps has been what the dissenting Ecuador volunteers termed "a numbers game." "In this game, emphasis is placed on the quantity of volunteers, not their quality. A program for 100 volunteers is better than one for 50 even if only 25 are needed. As a result, the Peace Corps must recruit people with marginal skills to meet its quota and assign them where they are not requested or needed. The result of playing this game is obvious: waste of manpower and money."

The Ecuador volunteers described the ethnocentrism of the Peace Corps and many of its personnel as an "arrogance of power." "Semi-literate in its language, nearly ignorant of its culture, we still presume to teach Ecuadorians methods of thought and work that we have inherited from our North American past." The arrogance existed from the beginning. Rep. Henry Reuss of Wisconsin, advocating the Peace Corps in 1960, said "the people of the developing countries need economic assistance, but even more they can profit from exposure to the ideas of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln." But blatant ethnocentrism is not confined to the halls of Congress. Kirby Jones, Ecuador desk officer and program operations officer in the Latin American Division of the Peace Corps, himself a former PCV, wrote recently of the PCV's problems in the field: "Just as Americans are conditioned

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to take initiative, to respect the law, and to believe almost naively in man's limitless possibilities, Latin Americans are conditioned to the opposite. They tend to be disrespectful of authority, fatalistic concerning their future, dubious of their ability to control their destinies, suspicious of neighbors, desirous of any power or status symbol of their own, reluctant to attempt anything new, and blindly hopeful that something or someone will pull them out of their situation." As the Ecuador volunteers said, "it is an arrogance that is hard to escape."

The arrogance is manifest in the fact that Peace Corps programs emanate almost wholly from its own offices, with little influence from the host country. The Ecuador volunteers noted that "North Americans—not local people—possess both administrative control and the authority to devise programs. Not only has this attitude communicated itself to the Ecuadorians and caused many of them to resent the Peace Corps; it has also proved to be remarkably inefficient. For it blinds the organization's programers to local conditions they need to understand, and deafens them to the opinions local people set forth about the best way to work here."

One, alone, of the Congressionally defined aims of the Peace Corps seems to have been fulfilled to a significant extent over the years, namely "to help promote . . . a better understanding of other peoples on the part of the American people." Whether or not they have done much for those among whom they have worked, PCVs have learned much from them. PCVs have returned in increasing numbers to this country, bringing with them a new awareness of other people, other values and other ways of life. In the long run this may have a healthy leavening effect on American society, most of whose members have not experienced other societies on a people-to-people basis. A certain empathy may result from the experience, and may be communicated to others. If so, this will have been the greatest benefit of the program. It is a fringe benefit—the same which rationalizes the "junior year abroad" program, for example—but it is worth something. However, it is hardly what host countries were led to anticipate or could be expected to seek and enthusiastically support. Moreover, the Peace Corps is an extremely awkward way to achieve that end. An overt "two years abroad" program that could be devised without the overriding commitment to "image" and to directed change would have the advantages without the concomitant international repercussions of the Peace Corps.

The American dream which generated the Peace Corps has been betrayed in the past seven years by the drift of the nation ever more deeply into a war which is antithetic to everything for which the Peace Corps would have to stand if it were to have a chance for success. The betrayal of the idea of the Peace Corps in this period is, therefore, the betrayal of the American people who voted for Johnson and Humphrey in 1964 as peace candidates. The orphanage languishes when its sponsors are preoccupied with murder, and their intentions are justifiably suspect.

In a different context, the Peace Corps might have spoken for the most humanitarian impulses in American foreign policy and idealism. In the context of war in Vietnam, the Peace Corps is unavoidably debased. Those young Americans who want peace and a better world have come increasingly to believe that their energies can be better used by seeking an end to the war than by joining the Peace Corps. For it is in Vietnam that the greatest human suffering is being experienced now, much of it at the hands of Americans, and it is there that the most suffering might be alleviated by American initiative.

Jack Hood Vaughn says in his *Saturday Review* article: "Some have suggested that the war is undercutting the work the Peace Corps is doing. But this is not so." He is almost alone in this opinion. As the war worsens, volunteers will continue to become scarcer and the Peace Corps will be evicted from more countries. What was advertised as a genuine alternative to imperialism will be more widely regarded as merely a euphemism for it. More and more people at home and abroad will regard the Peace Corps as a perversion of the original program. Its name will increasingly be identified with such grotesqueries of administrative newspeak as the "pacification" program in Vietnam.

Those who held high hopes for the Peace Corps must regret its failure to fulfill those hopes. In a very real sense they feel betrayed. It is not surprising that they are impelled to inquire into the reasons for that betrayal as I have done. But out of that analysis come a question and a conclusion more fundamental than the immediate causes of failure. The question is, could it have been otherwise? My conclusion is that the Peace Corps, as it was defined and structured, could never have succeeded; that it was never more than a dream.

The Peace Corps was foredoomed because it was based on a philosophy of moral imperialism which could not win the international trust and respect that success would have required. Ambivalence of purpose overlay this philosophy: ambivalence between a dream of the Peace Corps as a humanitarian agency of social and economic help for the needy, and the reality that, as a government agency, it was an adjunct to American cold-war policy. These goals were mutually exclusive. They were consistently confused in the minds of Peace Corps personnel and the American public. The war in Vietnam made their incompatibility clear; but it only emphasized and accelerated what power politics, international competition and the cold war would have accomplished in any case.

If a program of international social service and economic development is to have the confidence of host nations, and is to achieve even a fraction of the effect envisioned by those who originated and served in the Peace Corps, it must be an international undertaking from top to bottom—from administration, staffing, financing and policy making to implementation in the field. It will not be trusted or effective so long as it is an agency of a single national government, least of all a major power, for it will be identified with that government's self-interest. Inevitably, it will be heavily involved with its policies, unable to act without reference to them. This will assure its failure. The American experience with the Peace Corps and the war in Vietnam have made this conclusion inescapably clear.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE VIETNAM DEAD

WILLIAM EASTLAKE
Mr. Eastlake, author among other books of The Bronc People *(Harcourt, Brace) and* Castle Keep *(Simon & Schuster), has recently returned from his second trip to Southeast Asia.*

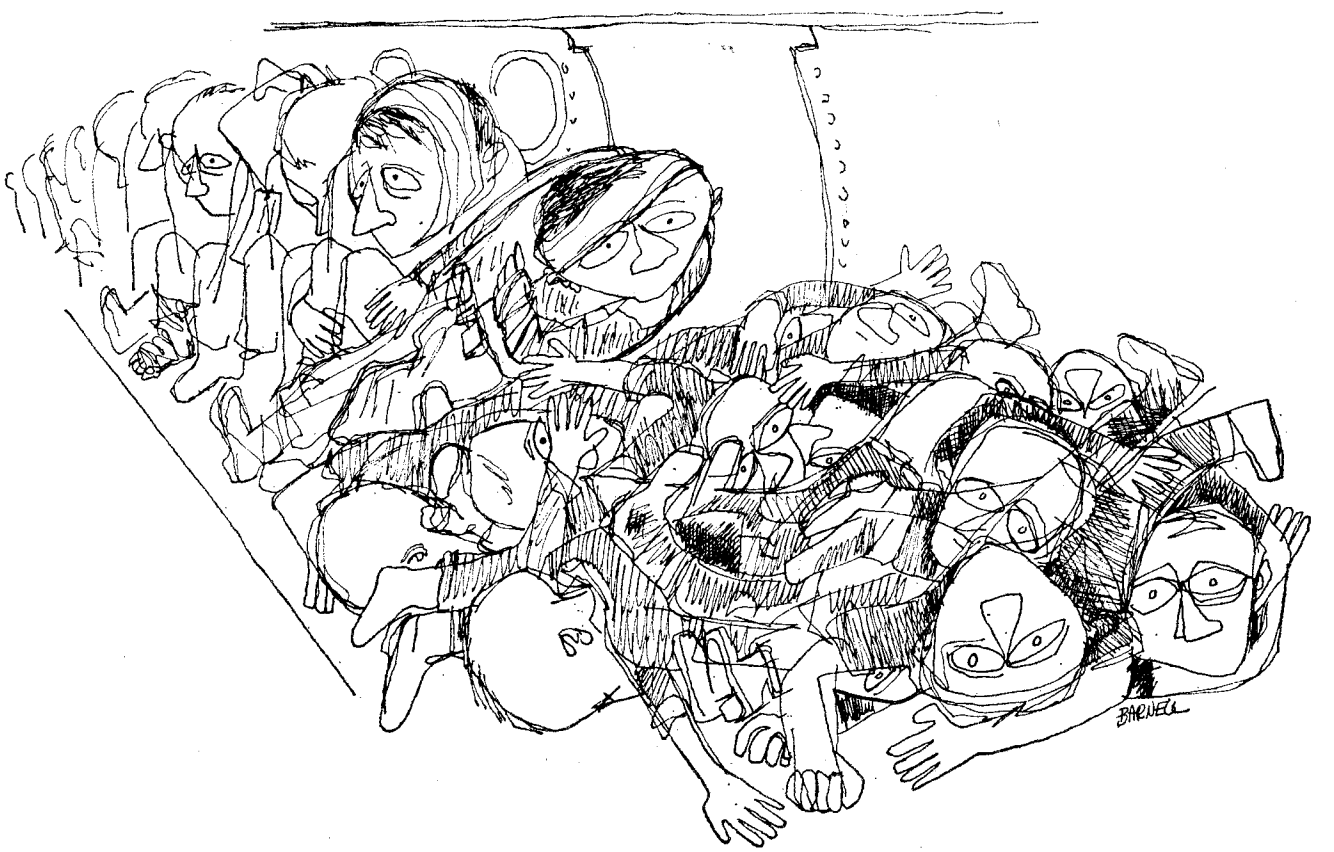
The dead were placed in the rear of the chopper, the wounded in the middle, and I was up front with the walking wounded. The chopper tilts too much getting off and the wounded move too much and you know it hurts. The climb is so steep the blood runs down the channels in the floor. The wounded try to hang on. One goes down. I try to help him up. We all slide on the blood and end up with the dead. The dead seem comfortable. We are taking ground fire now and I hang on to the dead. I am protecting the dead. The dead are protecting me. The chopper levels off. I leave the dead and crowd through the wounded. The medic tells me two of the wounded are dead. He points to them. They do not belong here he says. They belong with the dead.

I have reached the port gunner. He points down. Our tail is dragging the tall bamboo. We cannot get any lift. The dead are pulling us down. There are too many dead. The rotors above us go whack whack whack whack. Just above the silent jungle, whack whack whack whack. Into the jungle, whack whack whack. No, we are still airborne. Whack whack whack whack, still touching through the jungle fog. We cannot see much. See many flame trees. Could grab one. Cannot gain altitude. Will crash. Mountains ahead. Bank safely. Back to where we came from.

I look for landing zone. We had dropped cans of high explosives twenty minutes before to clear for landing. They were happy to get rid of the dead. They will not want the dead back. Whack whack whack whack.

There is a North Vietnamese soldier standing on ridge rock. Black beret, whitish uniform. We fire M-60. He fires a K-47 Chinese gun. Everybody fires. All happy to see one another. Bang bang bang bang, whackety whack whack whack. The chopper is still alive. The dead still dead. You do not worry about getting hit. Worry about the rotors getting hit. Whack whack whack whack.

We are back in our jungle LZ now. We begin to circle. I have the weird thought that our own troops will shoot at us if we try to land. We are supposed to take the wounded and the dead to the outside world. We are supposed to do our job. We are not supposed to take the wounded and the dead on a trip over the jungle. But we cannot get enough lift to get up and out of the valley. I remember a sign in the mess hall base camp: "The impossible is easy if you have someone else to do it for you." But on the ground they have done their job. The results of that job were in our chopper, the wounded and the dead. The LZ looks abandoned now. One of ours rises up from a camouflaged foxhole and waves us away. They don't want the dead back. No one wants the dead. The wounded could be patched up and maybe stand guard. The dead are dead. The dead keep us from getting



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out of the valley with the live. The dead are a horror to their buddies, a problem to the generals, and tears in the States. The dead are not popular.

Now another American soldier rises up and warns us away. Now another and another. The unwanted dead. We could drop the dead down through the tree canopy jungle. The way the dead would slide gently it would not be a big plop, like dropping them into our cleared LZ. It would not be so rude. It would not reveal our failure. No one would see us. But the dead talk. They talk gently now, subdued in our chopper, quietly at the base in Chu Lai, Danang, Saigon, then home. Who will listen to the voices of the dead? We did. They told us to drop them through the tree canopy jungle and escape with the living. The wounded man said: I am as good as dead. Get rid of us all and make it out. I said, we will all make it out. He said, the dead are lucky, they don't have to take any more shit. I said some encouraging platitude and he smiled a bent smile and touched me and I welcomed this communion with the dead and the medic put him in the rear with the others and we began to throw out all the shit, the ammo and the C-rations, the helmets and the guns. The M-16 breaks like a shotgun and we dropped one piece here, one there, something for everyone, and the ship picked up some altitude and we were up and out of the valley with the dead.

TEACHING THE 'PRE-BACCS'

HEADSTART FOR COLLEGE

LEONARD KRIEGEL
Mr. Kriegel teaches English at the City College of New York, and is currently working on a novel.

The City College of New York Pre-Baccalaureate Program was begun in September, 1965, with 109 students taken directly from New York City's ghettos. In large part the creation of Dr. Leslie Berger, a clinical psychologist who had been with the college since 1961, and Dr. Bernard Levy, at that time director of the college's School of General Studies, the program is an experimental attempt to take young men and women who possess high school diplomas but who ordinarily would not be admitted to the college out of the ghetto, offer them financial help and psychological guidance as non-matriculated students, and then absorb those who are successful into the college's degree-granting program.

By September, 1967, City College's program had grown to include almost 500 students, not counting those who had already dropped out or had passed from the pre-baccalaureate to the baccalaureate stage (a point reached when a student possesses an average of B- or better after thirty credits, or C or better after sixty credits). Similar programs are now in operation at Hunter College in the Bronx, Brooklyn, York and Queens colleges, and others are being set up at the Baruch School of Business and the Park Avenue branch of Hunter. Dr. Berger himself is now at the 42nd Street headquarters of the City University of New York, in charge of the entire Pre-Bacc Program. The Alamac Hotel on Broadway and 71st Street has been taken over as a dormitory for some of the students and, beginning this term, will also be used for additional classrooms. At present, there are more than 2,000 students in the program and, according to Dr. Berger, by 1974 or 1975, the program should be capable of accepting 3,500 students a year, with a total pre-baccalaureate enrollment of 10,000.

I taught a freshman English course in the City College Pre-Bacc Program last semester. It was one of the classes in the program especially designed for the Pre-Bacc students; in other cases they attend courses in the regular college curriculum. It had been three years since I last taught a section of freshman English (in the academic world, one measures success in terms of how far one can remove himself from freshmen—or, for that matter, from students in general). I was in the program at the request of a colleague, Leo Hamalian, who believes as I do that tenured members of the college English Department should teach in the program, especially those who believe that the future of City College is inextricably bound up with the future of the Harlem community.

I confess that I entered the program somewhat hesitantly. Not only was it the kind of teaching that carried no status within the department (a group of younger teachers had been hired to work exclusively with Pre-Bacc students); it was also the kind of teaching that would test my endurance, my patience and my talents as a teacher as nothing I had previously taught had done. Fortunately for me, and for my students, I found the Pre-Bacc teaching staff a remarkably dedicated and helpful group.

I learned a great deal in those early weeks. For instance, I now have a much better idea of what T. S. Eliot's Sweeney means when he says to Doris, "I gotta use words when I talk to you." For if to me the art of writing is no more than the formal organization of language into coherent sentences and the subsequent organization of coherent sentences into coherent paragraphs, to the majority of black and Puerto Rican students it is simply an additional confirmation of failure and ineptitude. For these students, language was far more of a threat than it was a promise, and this despite the richness of the language of the streets. From their point of view, my job was to teach them how to make the words drip with the fat of bureaucracy and to tie them together with the formal invisibility of structures designed to rigidify the soul.

I met my fourteen students (Pre-Bacc classes are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smaller than regular freshman English classes, which average twenty-four students) on September 14. Although I had been warned of what to expect by my colleagues in the program, I immediately set about the task of discovering what their problems were. I knew that most of my students had already passed a remedial non-credit course designed to eliminate the most glaring grammatical and syntactical errors.

In six years of teaching full time at the City College, I had never before taught a class with more than two black faces in it. But the class I now stood before had eight Negroes, four Puerto Ricans, one Mexican girl, and a young Jewish mother of two children. I introduced myself, spoke about what the course was designed to do and about our texts, and gave my students their first writing assignment. I then asked them to write a description of Canova's *Perseus Holding the Head of Medusa,* which had been unveiled at the Metropolitan a week earlier.

If my purpose really was to discover their problems, I succeeded far better than I had planned. To begin with, at least five of these students didn't know where the museum was—and most of them had been born and "educated" in New York. And so I was initiated into the educational box in which ghetto students find themselves. On the day on which the papers were due, a Puerto Rican boy entered my office with a remarkably ornate story of how he had been unable to get to the museum. It was with a shock that I realized that going to the museum frightened him. Not knowing how else to handle it, I told him to bring the paper in the next day or else not to bother coming to class. Fortunately, I hit the right key. He brought the paper in the next day and, by the end of the term, was the second best student in the class.

The night I spent reading that first batch of papers was probably the single most discouraging evening I have ever spent as a teacher. I had expected the grammatical errors and the errors in syntax. I had not expected the kind of paper which began, "When I see in this statue it is the white man holding the head of the Negroe." Virtually all of the papers contained, along with the mechanical errors, this kind of thing. Those that didn't were invariably banal.

About a week later, a 27-year-old former bricklayer in the class came to see me in my office. He wanted to speak about something troubling him. "I'm dropping history," he announced.

"Why?"

"I don't know enough." He shook his head, then shrugged. "Listen, I sit there and these kids. . . . Man, they talk about Freud and Marx and I sit here and I don't know what the hell I'm doing. I never heard of Freud before last week."

"Some of it's talk," I suggested. "It doesn't mean they've read Freud either. Look, I was an expert on Marx when I was 18. But I didn't read him until I was 21."

He shook his head again. "I feel so ignorant. You don't know what it feels like to sit there." We spoke for another fifteen minutes and I finally convinced him not to drop history (I suspect he had convinced himself and merely came to me for confirmation). I suggested a few books he might read. And from that moment on, he became the class for me.

There is one student, in some classes two, to whom a teacher speaks. And he hopes that he can connect with the rest of the class through that student. I was now talking to Wiley Owens, and hoping that the other thirteen members of the class were listening. I wasn't sanguine about their prospects. After that first paper, I jotted down the names of those students I expected to fail. Eight out of fourteen; not very encouraging. During the next few weeks, I discovered that their chief problem was not grammar or syntax, formidable as such problems were; it was rather to permit themselves opinions. This was true of all the students. Poverty teaches one to tread carefully, and no one, certainly no white professor, was going to convince them in a few weeks that they were entitled to bring the quality of *their* experience and the amount of *their* information to bear upon the issues confronting them in *their* lives. Not, at least, in public.

I soon discovered also that not all the problems were theirs. Their teacher had a problem in accepting the idea that their goals weren't really different from those of their white peers. I suppose that what I wanted were students who were going to set about the job of remaking America. What I found were students who "want in." Almost without exception, these students wanted what their white contemporaries had—and they wanted it, significantly enough, at a time when so many white students are turning their backs on it.

For the first half of the term, at least, success was in the air. Curiosity was a luxury, and the civil service beckoned. Most of the girls in the class reminded me of girls with whom I had gone to college. "Teaching is a good job for a girl until she gets married." Few of them were disturbed about the presence of Dow Chemical on campus, which became an issue for the rest of the college. Unless issues could be framed in terms of race, they were, for the most part, indifferent or apathetic. "I want in" is a far more traditional American motivation than protest. Stereotypes can be turned on their heads, and it may just be that Lyndon Johnson knows this America better than any white radical does. In any case, we are not going to be saved by some updated version of a WPA Spirit of Black America, all muscle, bone and fire.

Of course, opinions may differ as to how one gets "in." The contrast hit me most markedly when I went to hear Nat Hentoff and Dan Watts, the editor of *The Liberator,* discuss the role of the black writer in an emerging revolution. At one point, a student asked, "What should a black student do in a white school?"

"Burn it down!" Watts answered. A few snickers from the audience, almost all of which was black. "Look, what black people in this country have to do is get a piece of the action. And the way you do that is to point a gun at Whitey's head until he gives. There's no other way."

Then I went home and took out my latest batch of papers. I had assigned an "open theme," and with Watts's rhetoric still ringing in my ears, I turned to my first

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paper, the work of a rather pretty, shy young girl from Bedford-Stuyvesant. It began, "Of all the different ideas, I think that the very best, aside from Father's Day, is Mother's Day."

That was the first week in November, at a time when I was still discouraged. Grammar and syntax had improved, but most of my students were still writing terribly pedestrian papers. About a week later, their papers began to change in tone as well as style. Quite suddenly, they were students, interested in discovering what they could,

aware of Vietnam, the unrest on campus, aware now of a world filled with possibilities as well as threats. The young girl who had written so glowingly about the "idea" of Mother's Day came to me at the end of November to ask whether she could do her research paper on Malcolm X. "He used to embarrass me," she explained. "I used to hate him because I worried what people would think when he finished talking. But then, a few weeks ago, I read his *Autobiography*. And you know, Professor Kriegel, that man . . . he was beautiful."

On November 11, I drove up to Tarrytown to attend a staff and student workshop at the converted estate of a former tobacco magnate. There was something deliciously American, almost surreal, about these ghetto youngsters being ushered politely to their rooms with that meticulous cool possessed only by headwaiters and house managers. "Jesus, you ought to see the rooms," I heard one excited student say to a just arrived friend. It was a fine weekend—good food, ample drinks, a magnificently symbolic setting, some useful workshops for teachers in the program throughout the City University system, and just the proper spicing of revolutionary rhetoric.

The Saturday afternoon panel was especially interesting. Ten Pre-Bacc students from the college discussed their reaction to the program. Nervous at first, they began to open up about what they liked and disliked under the firm guidance of Addison Gayle, a young Negro writer who teaches in the program at City. As I sat in that audience, listening to these students, I had the very uncomfortable feeling that, however unconsciously, they were beginning to perform a collective role that had somehow been mapped out for them. For the most part, their barbs were reserved for the psychological counselors. Two students mentioned their sense of inferiority before the counselors. "You can't open up your heart to a man who you know is your enemy," said one young militant. "I want to be accepted as an individual," said a young girl.

I suppose that what disturbed me about the panel is what disturbed me about these two remarks—that they could have been voiced by any white student at the college. In fact, they could be voiced by almost all students, black and white, from Harvard to Harvey Mudd. Perhaps the indictment that struck me as most pathetic was one student's lament, "They don't care." Now the kind of counseling to which these students are exposed leaves me less than satisfied, and my own students were beginning to complain about it in private. But while I have my doubts about the efficacy of what is being done, it seems to me that the problem is that the counselors care too much. They identify with what they cannot really feel. One of my own students was later to complain, "I have problems with my work. I want help. For the first time in my life, I'm really beginning to read. And then, I go into the office with these two other students. I want to talk about what I'm doing. But we always wind up talking about that race business. Man, I know how real it is. Who knows better? But I have other problems, too."

"That race business," I knew, was on the mind of every one of my Pre-Bacc students. One of the reasons for the existence of the program, undoubtedly the major reason, is the militancy now seizing the ghetto communities of New York. But it takes an exceptional student to hold on to his sense of militancy and racial identity, on the one hand, and the demands made upon him by a system which he views with a mixture of suspicion and desire on the other. This is not an intellectual problem. If I learned nothing else during the semester, I learned that what Nat Hentoff had written about ghetto kids possessing "as much potential as middle-class children" remains miraculously true for many of them—even when they are adults.

But education is one thing, and fusing the demands made by a college curriculum to the demands made by ghetto street life is another. Wiley Owens was able to do it, but he had been out in the world. He had served in the army, he was married, he had worked as a bricklayer: he knew what it was like, he knew the prices he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had paid, and he had begun to discover what it was he wanted. But most of my other students, like most of the students on that panel, felt this conflict between their aspirations and their backgrounds. "I want to play the numbers as well as have the knowledge you have," said one student on that panel. It is a desire I believe I can understand, if for no other reason than that I can still remember how desperately I wanted to retain the shrill Jewish street life of Jerome Avenue *and* Keats's sonnets.

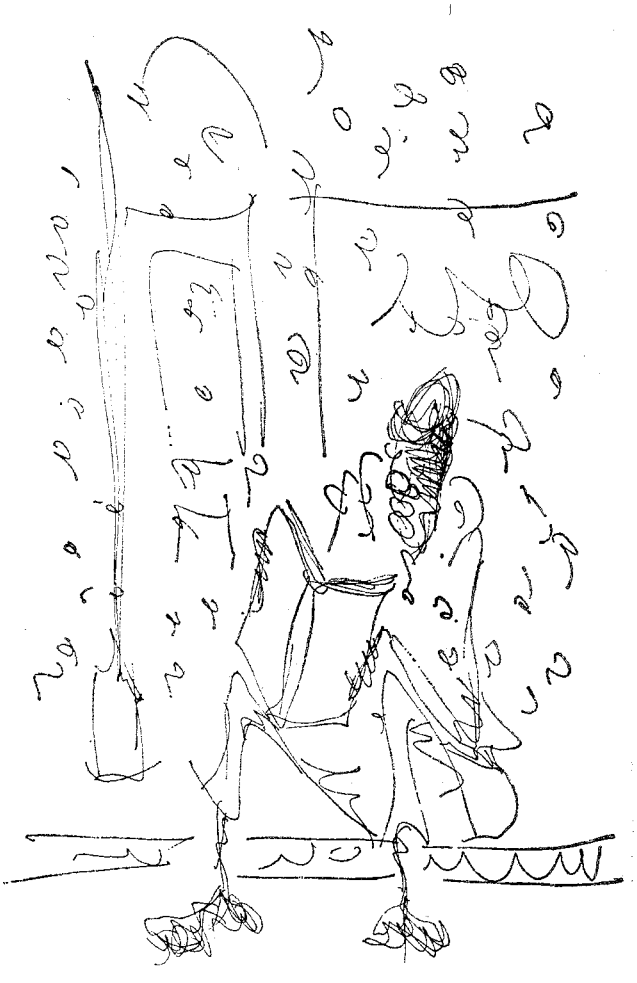
Unfortunately, the day comes when one has to choose, and it seems to me a lie to pretend otherwise. You can afford to be nostalgic about a ghetto only when you have left it. The fact that these students, especially the black ones, also had to choose between their militancy and their desire for "the knowledge you have" accounts for why a goodly number have already dropped out of the program. It is an extremely difficult problem to handle. America is a cruel country; it thrusts choices on us. And it seems highly unlikely that America will permit the fulfillment of aspiration and the retention of militancy and racial pride. It will permit the illusion, not the reality. The day may come when the student is going to find black ghetto life too drab, too dead, too meaningless for him. And if it does, he is going to be faced with the problem of breaking the umbilical cord or dropping out of the world of Whitey's *culture*.

Once they had begun to find a voice, I faced the problem of forcing my students away from abstractions. The function of the humanities is inevitably—and this is especially true at a time when humanism is facing the consequences of all its past compromises—to pull the individual back to a sense of self as well as a sense of other. "I know about you," said a pretty black student on that panel, as she stared out at this audience of teachers and administrators, more than half of them white. "My mother put the wax on your floors." It is, of course, just as simplistic for her to assume that she can create an abstraction out of white people because her mother waxed floors as it is for me to expect all black students to be politically conscious because their mothers, too, waxed floors. Possessed of my own very real working-class credentials, I know enough about hard physical labor to realize that it provides insight only into fatigue.

What I suspect existed in that student, and in most of the students on that panel, was as much the desire for rhetoric as it was the desire for revolution. And while rhetoric may lead to revolution, it may also—and in America such a possibility seems far more likely—absorb just those energies that would ordinarily be devoted to creating meaningful change. A number of students on that panel vehemently insisted on their right to define themselves in terms of color. But they were just as vehement in denying that they could be understood in terms of color. They object to the inherent racism in our society which enables a teacher of history at City College to begin the first class of the term by asking, "Will all of the Pre-Bacc students stand up?" And since nine out of ten Pre-Bacc students are black or Puerto Rican, they have become what one student accurately labeled "specimens rather than students."

Without pushing the Pre-Bacc Program out of proportion to its achievements or aims, it is one of the few hopeful signs in what is called "higher education" that I know of. Despite Berkeley, despite William Arrowsmith's perceptive and much needed indictment of the humanities, despite the condemnation of the corruption of the academy by the young and a few of their over-30 elders, the fact is that American colleges and universities have managed to remain remarkably unaffected by the cries in our midst.

The City College of New York, which built its reputation as one of the country's finest undergraduate institutions by serving residents of other ghettos, stands in the heart of Harlem. But it protects itself from Harlem with a wall built out of "academic standards." What is so hopeful about the Pre-Bacc Program is that it has already dented that wall. And it promises to break it down. I do not know what percentage of my students will



emerge with degrees from the college. I no longer particularly care. "You've got to understand," a student said to me just before the term ended. "When I came to this school, I figured that if I could get one year . . . just one year . . . of Whitey's college, I would be changed. And you know, I am. Man, they made me hungry. And it's not the money any more. I want it all. Even to be a poet. Man, I want that, too."

There are problems in the program, including certain

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

signs of tension between black and Puerto Rican students. The black students at the college, both Pre-Bacc and matriculated, have framed a sense of community which the Puerto Rican students do not yet possess. I sense, among many of the Puerto Rican students, a belief that they are at the periphery of the program. Another danger is that the program might become a mere siphon for ghetto frustration rather than a way of breaking through the barrier of "academic standards" which are neither academic nor truly representative of intellectual ability. This is something that ghetto residents will simply have to guard against in the future. One thing mitigating against it is that the chancellor of the City University, Albert Bowker, has wholeheartedly supported the Pre-Bacc Program from its inception.

Teaching in the program affected me in an area I had not at all expected. It taught me to affirm once again that very intellectual tradition I had begun to doubt. Shakespeare, Melville and Milton are mine once again, perhaps in a way that they never were before. Teaching freshman English with a group of students who began as semi-literates has given me more insight into that tradition than such academic plums as teaching in the honors program or in the graduate school. When the term ended, I went down to Cocoa Beach, Fla., where I saw my first black road gang. A few hundred yards down the road from where those prisoners were working there was a shopping center, its neon modernity structured, its cleanliness antiseptic. On the shopping center billboard, in bold green letters, I read: "See Stalin's Limousine—Help Crippled Kids—Thursday Friday Saturday." Ellison tells us that we are invisible to one another. Watts tells black students to burn the college down, and City College, we all realize, is no more than a momentary metaphor for this America. But metaphors are haunting: they sometimes turn into realities. Ellison knows the virus and I am beginning to think that Watts may really think he has found the cure. And so in desperation I seize upon a line from Melville who, despite the color of his skin, was one of their spiritual forebears, too. "Kings as clowns is codgers—who *ain't* a nobody?" Melville, I tell myself, knew how limited the choices are. With that in mind, I look forward to meeting again those twelve out of fourteen students who successfully completed the course

LETTER FROM LONDON

SOCIALISM'S CRISIS OF THEORY

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

We are now in the fourth year of Labour government in Britain; in the normal course, there are still three more years to go. This experience has taught us a good deal about the relations between capitalism, social democracy and socialism. For the Labour Party is still, on paper, the largest social democratic party in the world. Its narrow victory in 1964 and its substantial victory in 1966 were seen by many people, in Britain and elsewhere, as a major opportunity for democratic and Socialist reform. Given the fact that the only other major versions of socialism were occurring in very different historical circumstances—orthodox communism in Eastern Europe, revolutionary national liberation in the ex-colonial world—it was natural for many people in Western Europe and the United States to see in Labour's parliamentary victories their own kind of future. There are, of course, unique factors in the British situation, but the record is still one of general importance.

And then the first thing that must be said is that the Labour government is now deeply alienated from its own party. The degree of opposition, bewilderment and frustration inside the Labour movement could hardly be overestimated. At the national level, this appears in the parliamentary crisis, in which more than twenty Left MPs are being disciplined for abstaining on a vote of confidence. It appears also in the direct confrontations now taking place between the government and the largest trade unions, which are under Left leadership. These events make the headlines, but behind them is the more serious and more long-term erosion of support, among party workers and members.

What kind of crisis is this? There are three main interpretations. First, the ordinary official line: Labour took over a bankrupt Britain, and the only way to carry through social reforms was to restore the economic position. The theory underlying this version goes back, essentially, to an argument in the 1950s, and the men associated with what was then seen as the revisionist line are now, after the latest government changes, in charge of economic affairs: the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Roy Jenkins, and the president of the Board of Trade, Anthony Crosland. The argument is that Britain is no longer a capitalist society; that the welfare state, the managerial revolution, and the acceptance of indicative economic planning have outdated traditional Socialist demands; that the business of a Labour government is to direct such an economy efficiently, and out of the resulting growth to improve education, to liberalize institutions, and to promote equality. If the choice then has to be made, in a crisis, between the growth and the social benefits, the solution seems obvious: the benefits can come only out of the growth; therefore a Socialist government puts the economic measures first—and must be bold in doing so, against the naive outcries of old-fashioned Socialists who want to create social benefits "out of nothing" (redistribution rather than growth).

The second interpretation is a variant of the first. It is associated with another leading member of the govern-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment, Richard Crossman, who in the 1950s sometimes opposed the revisionist line. His argument has been that Labour inherited not only a bankrupt economy but a backlog of imperial and military commitments, from which withdrawal was bound to be slow but was necessary. The roots of the economic crisis were in this imperial hangover. The latest decisions, to withdraw from east of Suez and to reduce military expenditure, mark, he has argued, the beginning of a post-imperial phase in which Britain can find new goals. At the same time, government direction of the economy, including especially its prices and incomes policy, marks a stage in the inauguration of socialism: the economy is being planned and brought to public account. Since each of these transitions is painful, the government has lost support and confused the party, but now at last the direction is clear.

Before taking up the third interpretation, one should note the grounds on which the Left in the party has opposed the two former lines. There have been various stages of this, but opposition to military expenditure, especially east of Suez, and criticism of deflationary policies intended to maintain a fixed parity of the pound sterling have been notable. Now, with the east of Suez withdrawal announced for the seventies, and with the pound sterling devalued to a power parity, these points of opposition are compromised; they tie in quite readily with the Crossman version. The other bases of opposition—that the prices and incomes policy is just a mystifying name for control of wages, and that cutting social benefits is irrelevant to economic recovery—are of course incompatible with either version; it is on these points that the Left MPs are now sticking.

The confusion is obvious, and yet is understandable. The crisis has been of a kind that required from Socialists a new theoretical account of advanced capitalism, and of the British situation in the world. This was very difficult to achieve, and the weakness of the Left is directly related to its delay in doing so. We have all had to learn through the turns of a crisis that required short-term reactions, which then often became outdated. The disappointment, bewilderment and anger of Labour supporters needed no organization; it was quite spontaneous. But the Left is now learning that spontaneity is not salvation; the most likely result of the government's loss of support is, after all, the return of the Tories, and the indefinite postponement of Socialist advance of any kind. That, perhaps, is the real crisis of social democracy.

The only authentic theories were indeed of the Crosland or Crossman kind: that capitalism had been tamed, and could be finally outdated by gradual social reforms; that the imperialist phase was ending, and the only problem was to be rid of the hangover. When such versions were applied to the real world, the experience was bitter and harsh; but there was then a gap between the consciousness of continuing exploitation and violence, and any effective response in the social-democratic tradition. All that could be fought was a skirmish, moving from this point to that.

It is at this point that the third interpretation is beginning to establish itself. It is a point reached by many Socialists, including myself; its main statement was the May Day Manifesto, which is being reissued in an expanded version by Penguin in a few months. Basically, it defines a new stage of capitalism and a new kind of imperialism; it relates the policies of the Labour government, and the confusions of its supporters, to the transitional character of these new social forms.

Take the case on new capitalism, as related to the British economic crisis. The argument of the third interpretation is based on the emergence, through technical change, of larger economic units, which need a new kind of control of both markets and labor. This requires a new kind of relationship with the state: the building of new institutions, both for indicative economic planning and

Waite, The Sun (London): Ben Roth

for the control of labor and material costs. At this point, what is seen by Crosland and Crossman as a post-capitalist society, offering the opportunity for state participation in economic growth and reorganizaton, is seen by Socialists as a new stage of capitalism, into which social democracy can be assimilated. What are the crucial tests, in actual policy? That the larger economic units, formed through merger and take-over (now often promoted and assisted by the Labour government), are capitalist units can hardly be doubted. Though heavily dependent on the state for markets and finance, they are in private hands and are producing for private profit. The wages policy, actively pursued by the government, is now causing an actual reduction in the standard of living of wage earners. In that sense, any claim that this strategy is Socialist, in purpose or in detail, fails.

But the strategy can be understood only in an international context. Basically, it is related to the economic success of the much larger economic units of the United States corporations, and the more effective planning of markets by the European Economic Community. To compete in this capitalist world, the advanced capitalist option seemed inevitable in Britain, since competitive failures produced recurrent balance of payments crises, and eventually devaluation. Some years ago, an essential

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strategy was adopted: to build larger capitalist units in Britain, and to join the Common Market. This meant breaking down certain old capitalist structures in Britain, and getting the trade union movement under control. As the competitive situation got worse, this policy became more and more open. At the same time, it was continually thwarted: by the de Gaulle veto; by union resistance, in very costly strikes; by the exposed position of an overvalued currency and the special vulnerability of sterling as an international banking and trading medium. The costs of the policy mounted, and the latest measures, which amount to a very severe deflation, marked a peak.

Meanwhile, the ideology which had supported them, of a tamed capitalism, also collapsed. What had been the distinctive social democratic elements—improvement of the welfare state, progressive social equality, full employment—had to go. We now have severe cuts in the health service; in the standard of living of the poorest 7 million; in education and in school construction, in housing, and the highest postwar level of unemployment. These are the costs of a capitalist solution by a backward economy, and the competitive position is such that we shall be unusually lucky if, even at this cost, the economic situation can be restored.

At this point, the military cuts become relevant. It is clear to everyone that the margin is so narrow that the projected increases in military expenditure cannot be afforded. Moreover, the essential strategy of withdrawal to Europe had already been decided on. In that sense, the east of Suez withdrawal was foreseen and inevitable. But Britain is still committed to participation in a military alliance led by the United States; its military expenditure in Europe and the Mediterranean is still heavy; commitment to NATO is reaffirmed. When the real figures are looked at, the cost to Britain of this military commitment will, by 1970, still be of the order now being borne. What is being cut will be balanced by the general escalation. And it remains probable that the commitment, as now redesigned, will, in the critical years ahead, still be an intolerable burden on an already desperate economy. The United States will probably have to choose again—as it has been choosing—between Britain as a less effective military partner and Britain as a collapsed economy.

There is an alternative Socialist policy: immediate reduction of the military commitment and nationalization of overseas private assets, which are in fact more than enough to liquidate Britain's crippling international debts. This is the real meaning of the crisis of social democracy, because either measure, and especially their combination, would provoke an international and internal conflict of major proportions. They would involve withdrawing from NATO, and the effective nationalization of the banking system; and both to be accomplished from a position not of strength but of weakness. Faced with this choice, the Labour government has decided to pay the costs of a capitalist solution, as the easier option. But in doing so, it has cut itself off from its own political base, and is in effect ending, under pressure, the moderate social democratic future on which it was built. As long as the social costs could be afforded, the compromise solution of transforming capitalist society by cooperation and gradual reform was plausible. The hard fact now is that the social costs cannot be afforded, and so the basis for the Labour Party, as it has hitherto existed, is crumbling.

There is no immediate alternative of a Socialist kind. The Conservatives will in due course come back, and will pursue essentially similar policies without the same internal political difficulties. The crisis is already changing its shape. The crucial struggles will be between a government of either party and the trade union movement; for when the withdrawal to Europe and entry into the Common Market have eventually been achieved, this conflict will be the only remaining obstacle to effective stabilization as a second-rank capitalist power. It is a major obstacle. Twice already, in the strikes of the seamen and of the dockers, a single major dispute has been enough to provoke crisis in a knife-edge economic situation: the deflation of July, 1966, followed the seamen's strike; revaluation followed the docks strike. The unions are still strong and some of the most important are militant; moreover, they are getting neither their immediate demands in wage increases, nor their political demands in full employment, an improving welfare state, extended education. It will be a very tough struggle indeed.

I write as one who grew up in the social democratic tradition and as a Labour Party member and worker for most of my life. What I now see shaping up is the uncomfortable conclusion that social democracy, in its traditional forms, was the theory of a rich and protected society, which allowed room for serious social advance within its inheritance. As the inheritance disappears, and Britain is competitively weak and exposed, the theory and its forms begin to crumble. What Crossman says is a brilliant rationalization; a last optimistic kick. What Crosland says is a deeper rationalization, for in the increasing severity of the crisis the social objectives are in effect dropped (the postponements have been too many and too regular, and nobody now believes in the happy land of 1970).

An advanced capitalist solution is of course possible; the unions may be contained or defeated. But the society that would then emerge—of education redrafted as industrial training, of selective welfare services, of the acceptance of a margin of unskilled poor and unemployed, of membership in a capitalist trading community and a military alliance of the rich nations against the poor of the world—would not be salable as social democracy. It is already the active ideology of the British Conservative Party and its counterparts in the other lands of the advanced industrial West. It would not be stable, internally and especially internationally; any effective challenge to it would be more explicitly Socialist and revolutionary, and in the confusion of traditions would for some years be isolated.

That is the hard future some of us now foresee. Under pressure, and in the confusion of any society in which a major political tradition is ending, we are working to change ourselves and our organizations, so that our response and our struggle will be as hard as they need to be.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Warren Report & the Irreconcilables

SIX SECONDS IN DALLAS. *By Josiah Thompson. Bernard Geis Associates. 323 pp. $8.95.*

ACCESSORIES AFTER THE FACT: The Warren Commission, The Authorities & The Report. *By Sylvia Meagher. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 477 pp. $8.50.*

FRED J. COOK

Mr. Cook is the author of many special articles for The Nation. *His latest book is* The Plot Against the Patient, *an exposé of hospital malpractices and overcharges (Prentice-Hall).*

Each new probing book into the assassination of President John F. Kennedy brings America a few steps closer to an inevitable moment of confrontation with the facts. The issue for the country is much larger than the personal tragedy of Dallas that prostrated so many Americans and still haunts the minds of men. For, to be charitable, the Warren Report is today almost universally regarded as something less than satisfying, but if its lone-assassin thesis is truly invalid, the alternative is shocking. In that event, we are brought face to face with the theory of a conspiracy—a conspiracy that succeeded and whose perpetrators are still at large.

These two new books by Josiah Thompson and Sylvia Meagher force even the reluctant (Max Lerner is an example) along the path that leads to the second conclusion. Vastly different in approach and method, they marshal an array of new and little known facts that make belief in the lone-assassin conclusion of the Warren Report virtually impossible. Mrs. Meagher is noted for her comprehensive knowledge of the huge mass of Warren Commission testimony, investigative reports and exhibits. Her first book comprised an index of this material, and in her second, *Accessories After the Fact,* her central thesis, which she demonstrates time and again in specific instances, is that the Warren Commission throughout its investigation employed a double standard: any detail, however specious, that supported the one-assassin theory was given the commission's official imprimatur as fact; any testimony, however seemingly credible, that conflicted with this conclusion was ignored or rationalized out of existence. Thompson, assistant professor of philosophy at Haverford College, takes a different approach. He concentrates on the deed itself, on the record of what actually happened in those six seconds in Dallas. He studies minutely all the photographic evidence, obviously the most factual evidence, and he endeavors by dispassionate, scientific analysis to relate all other evidence to this undeniable pictorial record. The result in both cases is hard to reconcile with the conclusions of the Warren Report.

Most readers will probably learn for the first time from Sylvia Meagher's book that the precise assassination method used in Dallas was spelled out in detail for authorities nearly two weeks in advance of the event. Before the trip to Dallas, President Kennedy had gone to Miami. Police there were worried about security, for an informer told them that, while attending meetings of extremist groups, he had heard repeated talk about an assassination attempt. On November 9, 1963, Miami police got their informer to inveigle a hard-core member of one of these extremist groups into a conversation that was tape recorded. According to the Miami police, he "said that a plan to kill the President was in the works. He said Kennedy would be shot with a high-powered rifle from an office building, and he said that the gun would be disassembled, taken into the building, assembled, and then used for murder." The tape recording contained this direct quote: "They will pick up somebody within hours afterwards . . . just to throw the public off."

This tape-recorded blueprint matched in virtually every detail what actually happened thirteen days later in Dallas. "To dismiss this extraordinary advance description and warning . . . as mere coincidence requires nothing less than a complete suspension of critical judgment," Mrs. Meagher writes.

The man who was picked up "within hours" after the assassination in Dallas was, of course, Lee Harvey Oswald. An Italian-made Mannlicher-Carcano rifle, which Oswald had purchased from a Chicago mail order house, was found on the 6th floor of the Texas School Book Depository, where Oswald worked. Witnesses reported seeing a rifle protruding from a 6th-floor window, seeing the indistinct figure of a gunman there, hearing shots fired from there. Three shells from the Carcano were found on the floor near a 6th-floor window; President Kennedy had been wounded at least twice, Gov. John B. Connally, Jr., of Texas, at least once. It all seemed pat. Three shots, three shells, three wounds—and Oswald the lone gunman. So Dallas police decided almost instantly, and the FBI and the Warren Commission went along with their verdict.

Yet Thompson points out that there was from the start very persuasive evidence that only two shots, not three, could have been fired from Oswald's gun. Two of the ejected shells bore markings that only could have "been produced by the chamber of Oswald's rifle," according to the FBI, but the third lacked any such identification. Furthermore, this third casing had a badly dented lip which would have prevented it from holding a cartridge. This dual evidence—the damaged casing, the lack of the kind of identifying marks left by Oswald's Carcano after actual firing—certainly indicates that Shell No. 3 was not loaded and fired on November 22. There is one further addendum. The handling of this evidence by Dallas police was most peculiar. The two casings that bore the appropriate firing marks were turned over to the FBI instantly—but not the third, black-sheep casing. It was not until November 28, after the FBI had specifically demanded it, that the Dallas police surrendered this most suspect of shells. The whole sequence strongly suggests that here, at the very beginning, was a flaw in what was to become the Warren Commission's case for the lone assassin. The commission simply had to account for three shots being fired—and here was evidence that only two shots could have come from Oswald's gun.

Contradictions multiply. The Warren Commission, in developing its lone-assassin case, ran headlong into the timing imperatives resulting from a movie film of the assassination taken by Abraham Zapruder. The Zapruder film seemingly established this fact: if the shot that first wounded President Kennedy and the shot that struck Governor Connally were separate shots, there had to be at least two gunmen. The reason: the fastest trigger fingers the commission could find could not get off two shots in the time interval between the wounding of President Kennedy, as recorded on film, and the wounding of Governor Connally. So the commission concluded that Governor Connally, his wife and all other witnesses who testified that there were two separate hits were wrong, and to reconcile the apparently irreconcilable, it developed what became known as "the single-bullet theory." This postu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lated the following sequence of events: the first shot hit the President in the upper back, came out his throat after passing through only soft tissues, rushed downward into Governor Connally's back, traversed his body, shattered a rib, fractured his right wrist and gashed his thigh. It has always been difficult to reconcile this construction, in which the Warren Commission puts its faith, with what one sees on the Zapruder film. This shows President Kennedy definitely reacting to his first wound at frame 224 (the frames are individual pictures on the rolling movie strip), and it shows Governor Connally turning his head, twisting his body and acting perfectly naturally for almost a full second afterward. The commission rationalized away this visual evidence by arguing that the Governor may have had a delayed reaction to his wound.

Thompson does great damage to this comforting theory. As a researcher, he had one great advantage. He happened to be employed as an adviser by *Life*, and *Life* possessed the original of the Zapruder film, which few persons have seen. The film in the National Archives in Washington, the one used by the FBI and the Warren Commission, is a copy of a copy—and so not nearly so clear and sharp as the original Thompson was privileged to study. Thompson found this: the Governor's mouth opens in what appears to be an exclamation in frame 236. "Then, suddenly, in Z238 his cheeks puff and, in succeeding frames, his mouth opens wide—he gives the appearance of someone who has just had the wind knocked out of him." Thompson cites medical evidence to show that this reaction, the result of the compression of the chest wall and an involuntary opening of the epiglottis followed by a rush of expelled air, would take place within a quarter to half a second after impact. The logical conclusion that can be drawn is that the President and the Governor were hit by separate shots—and if they were, there had to be more than one assassin.

Now comes confusion. The autopsy performed at Bethesda Naval Hospital on the night of the assassination confused the situation it was supposed to clarify. The pathologists in charge were not specialists in forensic medicine; they had not dealt with hundreds of gunshot cases as have the medical examiners in our largest cities. Furthermore, they were not aware until after they had finished their autopsy that doctors at Parkland Hospital in Dallas had found a wound in the President's throat at the level of the Adam's apple, a wound that had been obliterated by the tracheotomy performed there. The result was that the autopsy failed to establish beyond question the single most important thing it should have established—the trajectory of the first shot that hit the President.

The trajectory, as any police reporter knows, is all important in determining where a given shot was fired from, whether a suspect could have fired this shot or whether it would have had to be fired from another location by someone else. Not too much could be deduced from the fatal head wound because it was so massive, but the first shot through the body should have settled vital issues. It did not. As an FBI report later disclosed, the pathologists probed the President's back wound for a depth of about 2 inches, found it closed off, and concluded that the bullet had probably fallen out of the back during treatment at Parkland. Learning that a whole and remarkably undeformed bullet had indeed been found on a stretcher in Parkland, they decided that was it. But the next day they learned of the wound in the President's throat; they had already observed tissue damage that had seemingly been caused by a bullet's passage; and so they revised their findings, concluding that the bullet that had caused the back wound had passed out through the throat. The wound, however, was never probed in its entirety, establishing a trajectory, nor were the tissues dissected, the final and necessary procedure for the skilled forensic pathologist.

From all of this there has stemmed a mare's-nest of rumor, speculation and argument. Thompson adopts the thesis that the first bullet penetrated only a couple of inches and that this was indeed the nearly perfect bullet, known as commission's exhibit 399, that was found on a stretcher in Parkland. He explains the throat wound by theorizing that it was caused by a bone splinter from the final head shot, angling down and out the throat. The trouble with this thesis is that it conflicts with the photographic evidence on which Thompson bases his book. The Zapruder film does not show the President arching his back or slapping at a bee sting in his shoulder; it shows him raising his clenched hands, his elbows almost at shoulder level, as he appears to be trying to claw some strangling thing out of his throat. This reaction occurs some four seconds before the final head shot. Thompson tries to reconcile the conflict by arguing that we do not know precisely how a person would react to a 2-inch back wound, the kind of dubious rationalization to which the Warren Commission itself was so addicted.

Some of the confusion about this first shot stems from the small size of the throat wound. The appearance of this wound led Parkland doctors to believe that it was an entrance wound, not an exit wound; and, since there is usually a

LETTER

So they too lecture us on how to live and feel.
Well, they're right, I guess.
My sickness, this halting monolith
of sullen dust I scrape and shave; today,
this face, these stalled eyes,
a mother could not make them weep.
The world passes a doomed face.

It is quite different here this time,
and not surprising, after everything.
Blind, angry, haunted, my windows call
and drench me in my chair; the air is dead
and deep, the breath of my own blessing falls.
These friendships die of love. Fired, we move again,
we move again, again. . . .

O now, there, about us, silent, innocent,
in their own sweet dreams I pray for them,
the leaves, our broken days, descend and gather.
O I'm tired, wife, my mind is late October in the ditch.
Forgive me, I will not call. Live, live,
while I'm away, and David, Paula, fair Daniel,
my father Arthur, my mother Elizabeth, take care;

and you, wife, you are a good woman,
you have nothing to be ashamed of, do you hear,
nothing to be ashamed of, no matter what I've said.

MILTON KESSLER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

difference between the two—entrance wounds are smaller and neater, exit wounds larger and more jagged—some critics have argued that the President was shot from the front, not the back. In an effort to clear up some of the confusion, I talked to Dr. Milton Helpern, the New York City medical examiner, who is nationally recognized as a foremost authority in his field. Dr. Helpern has been highly critical of the Bethesda autopsy and is inclined to believe that the President and Governor Connally were wounded by separate shots. But he is also impatient at some of the uninformed speculation.

"It's nonsense to draw any conclusions from the FBI report of what went on during the autopsy," he says. "You sometimes don't know where you are yourself during an examination and what you took for an exit hole may turn out to be an entrance wound. You cannot always tell. The pathologist himself, faced with a case in which there are multiple wounds, may be at sea for a time until he has followed the thing through and worked it out."

Dr. Helpern emphasizes that a bullet passing through a body has to leave a track—but not a tunnel. "It's not the same thing as drilling a cylindrical core," he says. "When a bullet passes through soft tissues and muscles, the track often collapses. It is not like a bullet hitting into skull, into hard bone, where it leaves a definite core that you can follow. When tissues collapse, you cannot always probe the wound. Sometimes you have to work and try to realign the muscles to get a probe through. If you can't, you have to do it by dissection, tracing the passage of the bullet through the tissues. Always you should verify by dissection."

It becomes apparent that there was no special significance in the Bethesda pathologists' finding that the back wound was closed off after a 2-inch penetration. Such closing of the bullet track is to be expected in soft tissues, and it does not rule out the possibility that the bullet did pass completely through the body and out the throat. The FBI's scientific analysis of the President's clothing leaves little doubt that this is what happened. Fibers in the back of the coat and shirt were bent in; those in the front of the shirt were thrust outward. Dr. Helpern believes, in addition, that other autopsy findings regarding the bruising and damage to tissues as the bullet passed fully support the conclusion that this was indeed the bullet track.

Since the best evidence establishes so much, where does this leave us in deciding the trajectory of this first shot? The Bethesda pathologists placed the back wound 14 centimeters (5½ inches) down from the point of the mastoid bone and the same distance in from the point of the right shoulder. When one lines up this back entrance wound with the throat exit wound, one comes up with a bullet traveling in "almost a straight line, even perhaps a little upward," Dr. Helpern says. He adds quickly, however, that this would not rule out a shot from Oswald's window, traveling at a downward angle of more than 17 degrees, if the President were leaning forward when he was hit.

The trouble is that he was not leaning forward. The Zapruder film shows him sitting upright, waving to the crowd, and Thompson demonstrates, by analyzing other films taken from different angles, that the President was perfectly erect at the instant the shot was fired. The indisputable film evidence would seem to vitiate the leaning-forward hypothesis, which is the only way the angle of this first shot can be reconciled with the course of a bullet fired from Oswald's gun.

The finding is basic because the Warren Commission's whole lone-assassin case rests on the assumption that this first shot was fired on a downward trajectory, and this assumption became in turn the basis for the seemingly indisputable logic on which its single-shot theory was based. The logic was expressed in the question: If this bullet did not go on and hit Governor Connally, what happened to it? It was going downward, it was not found in the car; ergo, it *must* have hit the Governor. This was the reasoning that led C.B.S., in its reconstruction of the case last summer, to support the single-bullet theory. This shot, it argued, had to go somewhere.

True, but when one realizes that the President was sitting in the back seat of a limousine elevated several inches so that he could be better seen by the Dallas crowds, when one realizes that the trajectory of this first shot was on a level or even slightly rising plane, then it becomes apparent that this bullet, after wounding the President, did not have to touch anything else in the car. And it becomes apparent that the bullet was fired from a different location than Oswald's 6th-floor aerie.

In analyzing the final and fatal head shot, Thompson adopts a thesis that is being increasingly embraced by critics of the Warren Report. This is that the President was struck by two almost simultaneous head shots at Zapruder frames 312-313. The Warren Commission held that one shot struck the President in the rear of the head, fragmented and blew out the right side of his skull, causing a massive wound. The Zapruder film, however, raises doubts. It shows the President's head starting to move forward, apparently under the

"A rare and painfully honest record of what it meant to be Asian during World War II." — *Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

BREAK-THROUGH IN BURMA

Memoirs of a Revolution, 1939-1946

Ba Maw

Independent Burma's first Head of State

This autobiographical account of Burma's long struggle for independence from British rule reveals the intense nationalistic longings of a people under colonial power — emotions often underestimated by today's decision-makers. In *Breakthrough in Burma* Dr. Ba Maw presents a vast panorama of the men and events that made up the drama of the war years; no other Southeast Asian leader has published a comparable description of the events of the period. It was at that time that "the seeds of the Burmese future were sown" and we must now face the realization that a knowledge of the wartime story is vital to an understanding of Burma today and indeed, to a complete perception of today's events throughout Southeast Asia.

$8.75

1908-1968

Yale University Press
New Haven and London

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

force of the shot from the rear, at frame 312. But then in the next and succeeding frames, this motion is reversed, and the President's head and the whole upper part of his body whips violently backward and to the left. Thompson has demonstrated more vividly than anyone else the startling conflict of forces visible here, and he concludes that the backward wrench could only have been caused by a second bullet striking almost simultaneously with the first—a bullet fired from the wooded knoll to the right and in front of the President.

Both Thompson and Mrs. Meagher add one other surprising discovery. They have found in the National Archives an autopsy face sheet not included in the Warren Report. Prepared by pathologists at the autopsy, this diagram shows the entrance hole in the back of the President's skull, and from this an arrow is drawn illustrating the course and thrust of the bullet. But this arrow goes, not to the right in accordance with the commission's theory that this shot blew out the right side of the skull, but to the *left*. And Thompson demonstrates by some close medical analysis that this charted course agrees perfectly with damage found inside the left part of the President's brain and skull. Such a reconstruction, of course, leaves unexplained the massive wound on the right side of the head.

Where does all this leave Oswald? If he was not the "lone assassin," he was certainly a figure in a plot. After all, his Carcano *was found* hidden on the 6th floor of the depository and bullet fragments identified as having come from it *were found* in the front of the Presidential limousine. But was Oswald gunman or "patsy"? We may never know with absolute certainty.

There were witnesses who testified that they saw *two* men behind the 6th-floor windows of the depository just before the shots were fired. The Warren Commission decided they were all mistaken. But Thompson reproduces frames from an 8-millimeter movie film taken by one Bob Hughes. Hughes was looking directly at the front of the depository building as the motorcade swung into Elm Street below it; and, though he stopped taking pictures about five seconds before the first shot, the last 88 frames on his roll show what appears to be a human figure peering from the window next to the sniper's nest. Thompson demonstrates that the boxes of books stacked behind the window could not have created the appearance of the head-and-shoulders outline of a man because the boxes did not come up that high.

The indications of conspiracy multiply. The most startling single attention-calling incident is the Odio affair. Sylvia Odio, a 26-year-old Cuban *émigrée* who was active in anti-Castro movements, was living in Dallas in late September, 1963, when three men came calling. They told her they were members of the anti-Castro underground and claimed to be friends of her father, a political prisoner in Cuba. Two of the men appeared to be Cubans or Mexicans; the other was introduced as "Leon Oswald."

The day after this visit, Mrs. Odio testified, she received a telephone call from one of the visitors, a man who had called himself "Leopoldo." He told her that "Leon Oswald" was a former Marine; that he was a crack marksman; that "Oswald" felt President Kennedy should have been assassinated after the fiasco of the Bay of Pigs; and that "Oswald" was "loco" and the kind of man who would do anything.

Two months later, when Mrs. Odio heard of the assassination of President Kennedy, she fainted. When Oswald's picture was flashed on television, both she and her sister identified him positively as the "Leon Oswald" who had visited them in September with "Leopoldo." Investigation showed that Mrs. Odio had discussed the September visit with her doctor a few days after the event. There was also a letter from her father showing that she had written to him, inquiring whether he knew the three visiting men. And one of the counsels for the Warren Commission conceded that she had supplied details she could not possibly have known had the incident not happened.

How then could this occurrence, with all its implications, be shoved under the rug? In late August, 1964, the Warren Commission asked the FBI to investigate the Odio affair more thoroughly. In a little more than two weeks, the FBI, which in months had produced nothing further on the matter, came up with a handy explanation. It reported, just as the commission was winding up its investigation, that it had located a man named Loran Eugene Hall who said that he and two companions were the men who visited Mrs. Odio. One of his associates, Hall said, was a William Seymour, who looked much like Oswald. Jumping to a rapid-fire conclusion, the commission labeled the whole episode as a case of mistaken identity. After the commission disbanded, the FBI located William Seymour. He denied that he had even been in Dallas in September, 1963; denied he had ever had any contact with Sylvia Odio. Subsequent FBI interviews with all the parties concerned resulted in the complete collapse of the "Hall-Seymour" version that had enabled the Warren Commission to avoid recognizing the telltale odor of plot.

If, then, there was a plot, just what did it involve? Mrs. Meagher's researches point strongly to an involvement by at least some elements of the Dallas police and to a shadowy Oswald connection with federal agencies. Dallas police insisted to the Warren Commission that right up to the moment of the assassination they had never heard of Lee Harvey Oswald. Yet in a memorandum drawn up by the detective division on the afternoon of the assassination, they had revealed knowledge of an old and obscure address of Oswald's. They listed him as living at 605 Elsbeth Street, an address that did not appear in any of the records of the Texas School Book Depository. In 1962 and early 1963, Oswald had lived at 602 Elsbeth Street, and instant police knowledge, not quite precise but close, of this old address would seem to indicate an awareness which the Dallas force had denied. Allen Dulles, former CIA chief and a member of the Warren Commission, evidently appreciated the significance of this detail and asked police to find out just how the Elsbeth Street address had crept into their records. This information, if it ever was supplied, cannot be found in the voluminous records in the National Archives, Mrs. Meagher reports.

The Dallas police involvement with Jack Ruby, the slayer of Oswald, is more suspicious. It has been well known from the start that Ruby was intimate with many members of the Dallas force, but Mrs. Meagher builds a startling case. She emphasizes that here was a man known for his brutal passions. He liked to beat up people, including girls who

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 2-26-68
333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

☐ One Year, $10
☐ Two Years, $18
☐ 6 Months, $6

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed
(Foreign and Canadian Postage $1 a year extra)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State..... Zip No.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worked for him; he had been repeatedly arrested, twice on charges of carrying concealed weapons; and he, apparently, had been repeatedly protected and complainants against him discouraged by some of his friends on the Dallas force. Mrs. Meagher shows that four of the five officers grouped around Oswald when he was led out to execution had known Ruby for a period of ten to twelve years; that, of the seventy policemen present at the murder scene, forty were acquainted with Ruby.

The taint of possible involvement by federal agencies is equally strong. At the time of Oswald's defection to Russia, his mother, Mrs. Marguerite Oswald, argued that he was not a turncoat but a secret CIA agent. Many students of the case have come to share this belief. Even C.B.S., though it upheld the Warren Commission, found the smell of a possible Oswald-CIA involvement too strong for its not oversensitive nostrils. Now Mrs. Meagher adds some further, intriguing details.

The Warren Commission took the view that Oswald, a secret Communist, had indeed abandoned his country to sample life in the Soviet paradise. How had he financed his trip to Russia? The commission suggested that he had saved about $1,500 out of his Marine pay and disclosed that it had found one bank account, intimating, without saying so, that most of the money had come from this. But Mrs. Meagher shows that this one account, the only one the FBI could find, had just $200 in it, plus $3 in interest, when Oswald drew out the money just prior to his departure for Russia. So the question remains: how was he financed?

After Oswald had defected, after he had visited the American Embassy in Moscow, after he had denounced his country to American officials there and declared he meant to tell the Russians all he knew about the American radar system—after all this, Oswald was treated with a consideration and even a positive deference that seem incredible. State Department regulations provide that "lookout cards"—red warning flags—must be made out and kept on file in such cases. One Harvard professor whose patriotism has not been questioned, but whose views were considered wayward by the FBI and the State Department, was subjected to a close and constant check when he went abroad—but not Oswald, the self-proclaimed turncoat. Mrs. Meagher demonstrates that at three separate stages of Oswald's foreign Odyssey, "lookout" cards should have been filed against his name. In two of those instances, State Department regulations make the filing of such warning data mandatory. Yet not a single smudge was placed opposite Oswald's name, and the only explanation the Warren Commission ever got from the State Department was that some protective Oswald jinx made employees goof every time his name cropped up.

The State Department was not alone in this mysterious dereliction. The FBI, eagle-eyed where Communists or suspected Communists are concerned, made no request for a "lookout" card procedure on Oswald, something it routinely does in much less publicized cases. Neither did the CIA. Neither did the Navy, despite the fact that Oswald had publicly announced that he was going to give away its radar secrets.

This strange leniency where Oswald was concerned was compounded when he decided to return to America, bringing with him Marina, his Russian wife. Then the State Department went to what can be described only as inordinate lengths to help him. Not only did it finance his return trip to America with a loan but it broke down all barriers to Marina's swift admittance. The Immigration and Naturalization Service investigated Oswald's application to bring Marina home with him, decided he was not a "meritorious case," and refused to waive objections to the admittance of Marina. Mrs. Meagher shows that the State Department then initiated a series of moves designed to circumvent this inconvenient ruling by INS. A high official of the State Department capped this campaign by writing INS on March 12, 1962, urging that its decision be reconsidered. INS held out for nearly two months, but finally, in early May, 1962, it capitulated, stipulating that it was reversing itself only because of "strong representations" by the State Department.

Added to all this are the previously admitted facts concerning the FBI's contacts with Oswald in Dallas. Oswald was known to FBI agent James P. Hosty, Jr., whose name, car license plate number and unlisted telephone number, Oswald had jotted down in his notebook—a fact that the FBI initially concealed from the Warren Commission, as Edward Jay Epstein disclosed in *Inquest*. There was, too, a report that was given considerable credence by Texas officials, who passed it along to the Warren Commission, that Oswald was serving as a paid informer for the FBI. The report apparently originated with reporter Lonnie Hudkins, whose source was the Dallas sheriff, a man who was in a position to know. The Warren Commission circled around this item most gingerly, never questioning Hudkins or his source, and it finally accepted the word of the FBI and CIA that neither agency had ever employed Oswald. This implicit faith in the sanctity of official disclaimer does not dispel doubt. As Mrs. Meagher writes: "The possibility of a clandestine link between Oswald and the FBI has not been eliminated. The Commission has disposed of neither the allegations which originated with Hudkins nor the Hosty entries in Oswald's notebook. They are two pieces of a single puzzle."

It is a puzzle which continues to remain unresolved.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Arthur Miller's *The Price* (Morosco Theatre) is a play very much worth seeing. If criticism were simply a matter of recommendation to buy or not buy I might end here with a summary "Go!" One reason I begin in this way is that the detail of Miller's new play interests me less than its general import and its relation to his position in our theatre.

An "intellectual" resistance to Miller exists in certain circles. It sometimes reduces itself to a snobbism which seeks to deny him stature because he is not the equal of more or less acknowledged "masters." My position, as far as this goes, is that Miller, Williams or Albee do not have to be "as good as" supposedly or admittedly superior dramatists to be

BETWEEN the departure of Woodrow Wilson and the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Democratic Party's main source of political power shifted from the rural districts to the city wards. David Burner, a young and articulate historian, examines this crucial development in American politics.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

The Politics of Provincialism

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IN TRANSITION 1918-1932

by DAVID BURNER

Bibliography, index

$6.95 • now a better bookstores

ALFRED·A·KNOPF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

extremely valuable to us here and now. (Long ago I hazarded the opinion that though O'Neill's "mind" or literary skill was not to be compared with, let us say, Sartre's, the American was the far better playwright.) In his book *The New Music*, Aaron Copland makes a similar point: ". . . Although we do not have a Stravinsky or a Sibelius in our midst, we may still be developing composers who are destined to contribute something to the world's music. . . ."

A flaw more tellingly found in Miller's work is that his plot devices and characters do not measure up to the scope of his intentions: Willy Loman, for instance, cannot represent the American tragedy to which *Death of a Salesman* aspires. A parallel objection might easily be raised in regard to the New York cop and his brother, the successful "Park Avenue" surgeon, who are the antagonists of *The Price*. One thing that Miller's critics fail to take into account is that his plays nearly always strike a vital chord in the public conscience. Eminently indigenous in tone and attack, they affect large audiences not only here but abroad. I am not suggesting that popular appeal is the criterion of excellence, though it is a mistake to disregard it altogether. I am chiefly concerned with the reason for Miller's ability to move American and many foreign audiences; to discover the relation of this capacity to his message.

The Price is a compact play; its action is largely retrospective. It begins a little lamely—though direction at the outset may cause this impression—but, after a highly amusing but seemingly irrelevant interlude involving a Jewish secondhand furniture man, the play plunges to its core which entails a conflict in the two brothers' attitudes and patterns of behavior.

The minutiae in the practical argument between these two men are not particularly arresting or memorable. No matter: I was stirred and given food for reflection. I wanted to join the debate both on the issue raised and with Miller himself.

What is at stake are two modes of thought and action: crudely put, the idealistic and the pragmatic, or to put it in another way, the ethical and the efficient. The older brother, Victor (aged 50), has sacrificed the possibility of a lucrative career because he felt obliged to support his father, ruined by the depression, as much defeated in spirit as deprived of material goods. Victor becomes a policeman. His brother Walter abandoned both father and brother to pursue the medical career which has made him a rich man. When after seventeen years the brothers confront each other, the long-standing tension between them reveals itself. Victor is suspicious of Walter, and Walter's effort to assure his brother of his abiding affection soon explodes into resentment against him for refusing to accept either his tenders of fraternal feeling or his offers of monetary assistance, as well as more promising employment.

Walter, endowed with the sharper intelligence, finally blurts out the apparently crippling truth: Victor's years of sacrifice were futile; the father for whom he felt duty bound to give up his opportunities was not an admirable man. Worse still, there never had been any real love in the family. Victor has been a misguided fool and is now a failure. Any sustenance Victor may get from the notion that he is somehow more virtuous than Walter is nothing more than a loser's rationalization.

We are caught up in the struggle because a degree of its force comes from the fact that it is part of something that has seethed in the author's spirit: he is both men. But far more significantly it is part of our American tension. We have all been brought up to respect the religious and national ideals of brother love and devotion to parents, while we are daily shaped to selfishness, to self-aggrandizement, to Success.

Since the audience as well as Miller find themselves in this dilemma, the play strives for and achieves the balance called maturity. Both men appear to be right. Walter's clinching thrust resembles Bernard Shaw's admission that if in his youth his mother's poverty or illness had interfered with his writing he would have let her starve to death rather than discontinue it. (In this connection, it is worth remembering that though Shaw never professed any great love for his mother, he took generous care of her all her life.) Walter therefore is the "victor" in his own and perhaps in our eyes. But neither he nor we can fully accept this.

Each man makes some crucial choice in life and each pays the price of that choice. The bitterest failure lies in an unwillingness to pay. But in interpreting Miller's play it is not sufficient to conclude at this point. We should be able to view Victor as superior to Walter. Victor is unable to refute Walter's accusation of failure. What neither seems to understand is that men do not "do good" only for the other's sake but for their own. They are moved by their convictions, the stuff of their human fiber, *self-respect*, which demand satisfaction of their inner being. Morally speaking, it should be of secondary importance for the brothers that their father was probably undeserving of filial devotion; it matters a great deal that Victor acted as he did because the man was his father and needed his help. For the one who feels this impulse the action is a moral imperative. It is the best in us which declares it.

This is probably not rational and certainly not logical. Then so much the worse for reason and logic! If one denies the profound validity of Victor's ideals and sentiments, the result is chaos; anything goes, and there is no further use in declaring anything right or wrong.

All this, in the humblest terms of rather commonplace people, is what Miller implies at a time when most of us pretend to think of such convictions as "square." It is his persistence in uttering these sentiments when they have become "dated" that constitutes one of the chief sources of Miller's hold on audiences. For though they fly in the face of practice and the evidence of our daily human traffic, they are deeply rooted in us and only total annihilation will extirpate them.

The fact that many of our fundamental ideals (such as are contained in the Mosaic law or the Sermon on the Mount) are virtually impossible of fulfillment hardly diminishes their value. They are guides, beacons in the dark, disciplines by which we maintain our sanity, our spiritual health.

Victor, being less intelligent and less articulate than Walter, cannot say this in the play. Victor's wife, who quite understandably desires the advantages of Walter's world and is almost on the verge of a break with her husband because of his obstinacy (the fruits of which are obscurity), is the one to be "converted," to recognize and even take loving pride in her husband's character and course. This seems to happen near the final curtain when she tells Victor that he need not take off his uniform and put on a respectable suit as she had bid him to do earlier because she didn't believe he ought to "advertise his salary."

Miller doesn't want to press the point of the wife's change of heart; it might strike us as a "happy ending" or a facile preachment. Without delivering a "verdict," he has stated the issue and depicted its drama in strong bursts of feeling. He has perhaps done the wise thing. Still I regret that the challenge of the play which I have defined was not made a bit more explicit and inescapable. Without a full comprehension of both the issue and the dramatist's judgment, the audience may be left with not much more than a fond recollection of the Jewish furniture man, Gregory Solomon, who exemplifies a healthy accommodation to life without problems—the "average man" in his most pleasant aspects—both a nuance in and a diversion from the central theme. The play ends with his laughter: he has taken no sides, he is free of any moral burden, and we too may be so relieved.

The Price is Miller's most modest play —not as some will insist his "best"—but as such it stands far above many cleverer ones. But, the sophisticated may ask, does

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the play offer something *new*? To this let me answer with Chekhov: "I come more and more to the conclusion that it is not a question of new forms and old forms, but that what matters is that a man should write without thinking of forms at all, write because it springs freely from his soul," a maxim which may mislead but it is nonetheless worth treasuring. So is Miller.

Pat Hingle as Victor, the play's most difficult part, the virtuous but by no means dumb goof, is entirely convincing. His is a solidly honest performance. Arthur Kennedy plays Walter, the rather more grateful part, with fiery trenchancy. Kennedy is another of the fine actors our theatre has sacrificed to Hollywood. Kate Reid is altogether sound as Victor's wife—the least realized part in the play—though she tends to force a bit in *listening* as silent witness to her husband's and brother-in-law's duel. As Gregory Solomon, Harold Gary, with little rehearsal, avoids the "comic relief" aspect of his role: he does a good job.

A visible and important "performance" which may go unnoticed is that of Boris Aronson's setting. It consists of furniture sculpturally disarrayed; it speaks of a sturdy, old-fashioned, shattered and discarded, but somehow still impressive home.

MUSIC / Benjamin Boretz

Music journalism survives through the continuous propagation of compositional "movements," endlessly contending in mutual exclusion and hostility for some ultimate "supremacy," the achievement of which creates, for a brief Hegelian moment, a new Establishment that is, in its turn, opposed and overthrown. In this, our journalists are the victims of their own dedication to hyperbole and generality; for they are left unable to describe a musical work except as a type, a pawn in an ideological conflict whose "outcome" is the only evident substantive issue. And since works are so regarded, they are described only in terms of their most immediate "typical" characteristics, whose significance apparently lies only in their contrast with some other, contending "school." Perhaps this tendency results also from the considerably greater ease of describing a composition in terms of what it is not than in terms of its unique realization of particular musical ideas.

But those aware of musical development at the level of the musical work itself are unable to understand the meaning or the possible implications in such a "political" view of their field. It seems, in particular, a confusion of the significance of a composition within the musical literature with its relation to the personal career of its composer. For it is otherwise impossible to imagine what it would mean for a work, as a work, to "oppose" some other work, to "replace" some previously composed music, to "rebel" against something in another body of music, or to "deny" the validity of some previously formulated concept of musical coherence. Of course, composers may—verbally—do those things, but all a composition can do is assert some musical data which taken together produce some particular relations of "events" and, ultimately a particular musical entity. That the existence of some work in the literature invalidates some previous work in the literature is absurd on the face of it; indeed, it is hard to see what effect a new composition could have at all on something already composed. And why the idea that the function, historically, of a new composition is to extend, diversify and enrich the scope of the existing musical literature—which then "changes" only in its deepening of perspective and experience—why this ideas seems less obvious or less attractive to the journalists than their perennially one-dimensional world of gladiatorial triumphs and humiliations is incomprehensible indeed.

The problems thus posed for the nonmusician seriously interested in becoming musically informed and enlightened are particularly vicious, since the nature of the information conveyed to him by his local newspaper and national magazine—usually his only sources of musical awareness—not only tends to omit all the important aspects of the matter but actually tends to construct contexts for musical perception that are in effect permanent barriers to the infiltration of significant concepts.

To begin with, an immediate consequence of the journalist's inability to distinguish beyond the dichotomies of typicality and novelty is his bifurcation of almost all serious composition (which rarely manifests its uniqueness blatantly) into either supine "imitation" of one of his repertory of going "schools" (which come in every shade of *garde*) or mere incomprehensibility. In this context, originality emerges as a pure matter of presentation: a "new sound," an unprecedented mixture of media, an outrageous juxtaposition of musical contexts, familiar and/or unfamiliar, a program-note style, an unusual disposition of performers vis-à-vis one another or the audience,

KNOW CANADA BETTER!

See world affairs from a different perspective!

Read CANADIAN DIMENSION

Independent, lively, and original. Canada's leading forum for radical thought.

$4.00 for eight large issues

Write to:

CANADIAN DIMENSION
P.O. Box 1413
Winnipeg 1, Manitoba, Canada

PL PROGRESSIVE LABOR

No Negotiations
U.S. GET OUT OF VIETNAM NOW!

Oppose Debrayist "Resistance"
FROM PERSONAL TO SOCIAL REBELLION

Building Among Workers
NOTES ON BASE-BUILDING

Mehmet Shehu Writes
PEOPLE'S WAR IN ALBANIA

Caseworkers' Write
NYC WELFARE WORKERS UNION

Harvard Students Report
FREE SPEECH AND THE WAR

PL, national organ of the Progressive Labor Party, offers Marxist-Leninist analysis from the factories, campuses, from rebelling ghettos and the impoverished farms. Future issues include: *US Labor Movement—Where is it Going?... Refuting Imperialist History... The Beginning of the Korean War... Notes on Base-Building... PLP National Convention and more.*

PROGRESSIVE LABOR Dept.N
G.P.O. Box 808, Brooklyn N.Y. 11201

I am interested in receiving...copies of PL at 50¢;
....sub(s) to PL at $2.50 yearly
...PLP East newspaper Challenge at $2 yrly
...PLP West newspaper Spark at $2 yearly

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....Zip.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or some announced far-out means by which otherwise nondistinctive musical events have been selected by either composer or performers. Fundamentally, this situation seems to arise because our journalists have not been trained in the musical language and concepts of their time (if indeed in any), so that their actual discriminative abilities may largely depend on such extra-contextual clues. But in any case, the curious result is that music that has some verbally describable distinctiveness, or a "characteristic" idea of presentation that can be immediately perceived on a single hearing even without benefit of a score, becomes the immediate compositional foreground of the journalist's world, even where the musical differences observable among such pieces are negligible. And—by the same token—the image projected of the relative significance and influence of contemporary composers is often ludicrously at variance with the facts universally accepted in the profession.

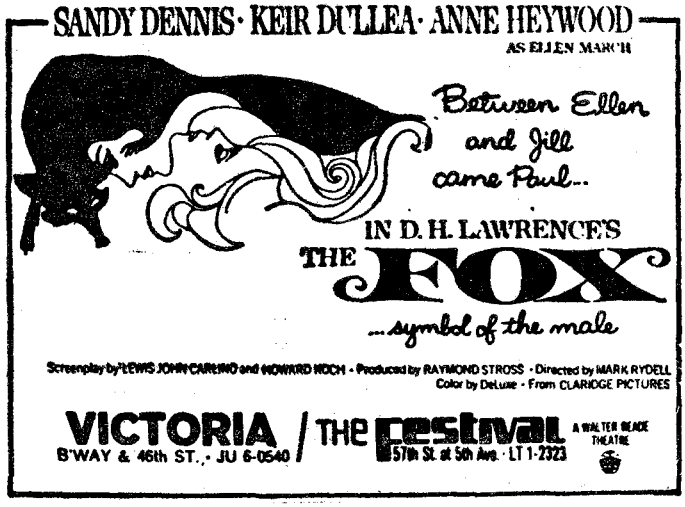
It is precisely here, too, that the unsuspecting reader is most seriously victimized, most inexorably deprived of any hope of developing a reasonable awareness of his own. For the journalist's judgments and opinions, however in conflict with professional consensus, are customarily presented as facts in themselves; and since the criteria for their formulation —or even the notion that there are, can, or ought to be criteria—are never presented, the reader-listener can never grow beyond simple dependence on his expert's next set of opinions. Moreover, the journalists seem not to regard it as in any way part of their responsibility to offer their views in the perspective of professional opinions, or indeed to provide any informational link between their readers and the music profession. Whether or not they would, in their present state of musical education, be able to provide such a link is a moot point; but the simple solicitation of guidance from the large pool of proximate professionals (particularly in the New York region) would at least obviate the factual *gaffes* that have become the most noteworthy characteristics, for musicians, of journalistic music criticism.

But an intense belief in the virtues of amateurism has always characterized, in particular, the music policies of *The New York Times* (the *Tribune*, on the other hand, from the days of Gilman, Thomson and Berger, to those of Rich and Salzman, was exceptional in its tradition of professionalism). The recent results, in simple categorical errors of musical description appearing regularly in the *Times*, have been almost beyond belief. As a particular example, the applications of the words "total organization" and "serialism" (especially "post-Webern serialism") have consistently lacked any connection with whatever minimal reality musicians can ascribe to such general categories. Thus we have been told that Elliott Carter's recent piano concerto was a typically twelve-tone work in the Schoenberg line (it is actually "serial" in a special sense, but not in the least "twelve-tone"), that Peter Westergaard's *Mr. and Mrs. Discobbollos* was typical post-Webern serialism (even though its surface most resembles diatonic Stravinsky), that both Richard Rodney Bennett's new Symphony No. 2 (commissioned and played by the Philharmonic) and his opera *The Mines of Sulphur* were equally typical of the same "school" (even though the Symphony was most notable for its movie-music "Amerikanisch" surface, with big "twelve-tone tunes" much more characteristic of, say, Rieger than of Webern, while the opera was obviously Berg via Britten, with the *Wozzeck* and *Turn of the Screw* associations almost embarrassing). Further, Harold Schonberg declared in a recent Sunday column that "Nobody really cares much for totally organized serial music," which must stand more as Mr. Schonberg's definition of somebodiness than as a cognitive statement about the world, since it defines as "nobody" some musicians (e.g., Stravinsky, Krenek, Milhaud, Copland) not otherwise so identified.

Even more curious is the use here of the phrase "total organization" as though it were something special in recent music; for music has always been "totally organized" in that every pitch, dynamic, timbre and contour had a meaningful function; recent music has simply multiplied the independence and dimensionality of such function. In Mr. Schonberg's terms, one would have to assume that dynamics and instrumentation in, say, Mozart are disorganized or chaotic, or that coherence and rationality are musical evils. And finally, one read in a review by one of Schonberg's colleagues that a "post-Webern serial" work (Henry Weinberg's Second String Quartet, as post-Schoenbergian and Carterian as music could be) was composed in a way that was frequent "half a dozen years ago." Here, the pure misrepresentation of musical fact (made evident by the most cursory glance at contemporary compositional output) pales before the extraordinary implication of the antiquity of "style" involved: imagine Beethoven being criticized for writing the Ninth Symphony in the old tonal system that not only he had used six years earlier, in the Seventh, but that was essentially the same as that used by Bach as much as a hundred years earlier!

Yet it would have been almost trivially simple for these writers to have learned from the professional literature that the concept of "serialism" in no way predisposes music to any particular surface characteristic that can be perceived on first, or any casual, hearing; and that in its fundamental sense it is as meaningfully applied to Stravinsky's *Petroushka* as to his *Requiem*, to Scriabin and even Debussy as to Babbitt. But again, the professional literature offers no insights to these critics; characteristically, they read it *ad hominem*, as manifestations of attitude rather than as sources of cognitive insight and information. And the actual views of composers themselves are similarly represented only as trivial, contentious (and equivalently "valid") oppositions; Babbitt is never mentioned or quoted without being balanced by Cage, as the two sides of a slightly ridiculous conflict, and there is no concept of what either of them represents in himself except as the *contrafactum* of the other.

Under these conditions, it was perhaps inescapable that the journalists, having created a musical world-image to suit themselves, would begin to place themselves in it as protagonists, to take it upon themselves to legislate its future under the guise of reporting its development. The subtlest turn has come about


SANDY DENNIS · KEIR DULLEA · ANNE HEYWOOD
AS ELLEN MARCH
Between Ellen and Jill came Paul..
IN D. H. LAWRENCE'S
THE FOX
...symbol of the male
Screenplay by LEWIS JOHN CARLINO and HOWARD KOCH · Produced by RAYMOND STROSS · Directed by MARK RYDELL
Color by DeLuxe · From CLARIDGE PICTURES
VICTORIA
B'WAY & 46th ST. · JU 6-0540
THE festival
57th St. at 5th Ave. · LT 1-2323
A WALTER READE THEATRE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in connection with some of the examples quoted above: first, the removal of cognitive content from "serialism" establishes it as an epithet; then, in an extraordinary metamorphosis of critical function, its demise as a compositional resource is predicted (particularly extraordinary for a predicter who never knew what it was in the first place); then, it is applied indiscriminately as a pejorative to anything disapproved of; and finally, its end is proclaimed in a burst of counterfactual triumph ("the way a lot of music was composed half a dozen years ago." . . . "Nobody really cares much for [it]").

But by far the most remarkable manifestation of this attempt at musical thought control, even from a purely journalistic point of view, has been the record of the *Times*'s music department with regard to the coverage of new-music performance events in New York. For since the death of the *Tribune* (which was notably conscientious in this regard), musical events in New York have been defined, publicly, by what is reported in the *Times*. And in the absence of the possibly embarrassing corrective of the *Tribune*, the attrition has been astonishing. During a recent week, for example, while several minor recitals and the revival of an insignificant Verdi opera were covered, the third New York performance ever—and perhaps the best—of Elliott Carter's Double Concerto, a work not only of major significance but of unparallelled international *réclame* among recent American music (given at Juilliard by the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble), was unmentioned. And during the current season, there have been no notices of such major new-music series as the Columbia Group for Contemporary Music, the Composers' Showcase, or the venerable Composers' Forum. The events omitted seem so clearly to contain works that would be labeled "serial" by the *Times* staff that it seems almost as though what was predicted by Mr. Schonberg—non-interest in serialism—is being made to appear to come true in the form of the disappearance of news of such activity from the paper.

Whatever the *Times*'s purpose, its principal victims are its misinformed and uninformed readers; compositional activity, unlike conventional concert activity, has never derived either benefit or damage from newspaper publicity. And the few informational functions still served by the *Times* are being replaced by several independent publications sponsored by the musical community itself, notably the Newsletter of the American Society of University Composers and the Contemporary Music Newsletter being published by three metropolitan university music departments (Columbia, N.Y.U., Princeton). What remains to be provided is the awareness of what constitutes true musical news: new compositions and new performances embodying unique and original imaginative ideas. Any further concerns over the camps in which they arise I leave to my speculative-philosophical newspaper colleagues; my next column will be devoted strictly to news.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Raucous, rude, hortatory, repetitious and largely formless, Peter Brook's *Tell Me Lies* resembles a benefit night, with performers of various celebrity doing their thing for the cause. The garish colors, mod styles and assertive camera angles ally the work to the current poster culture; the picture swings to a rock beat with memories of Brecht-Eisler. It is very up to date and very angry; the subject is Vietnam.

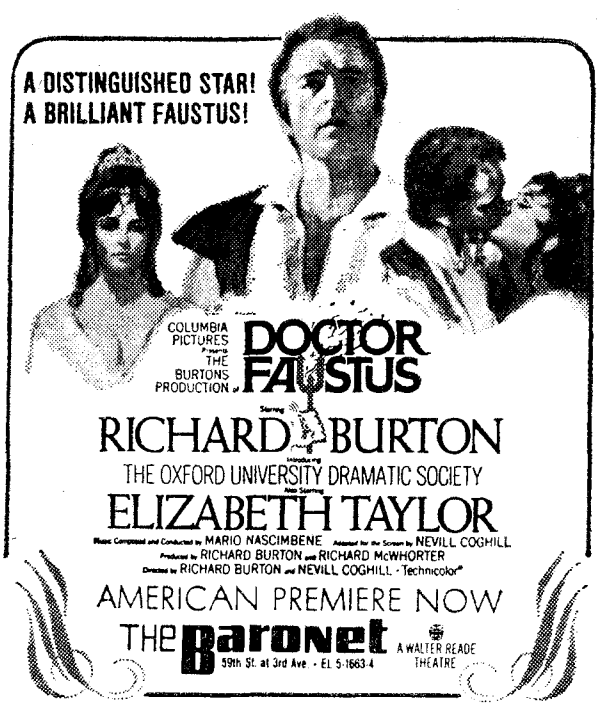
The basic cast of this experiment in indignation is a group of young (for the most part) members of the Royal Shakespeare Company (Mr. Brook has adapted it from his Royal Shakespeare production, *US*), but through it move a number of people, unidentified but appearing in their own person. Thus, the doctor who passes around an anti-personnel missile at a kitchen coffee gathering is indeed recently back from North Vietnam; that is Stokely Carmichael talking with sardonic bitterness above the hubbub of a frugging party, and the Establishment types sitting on a sofa and "weighing" the "alternatives" are in fact Establishmentarians—Ivor Richard, Tom Driberg, Kingsley Amis.

The talisman of the film is a news photograph of a burned child; its method is to mix vaudeville turns with news clips of demonstrations, tormented musings of cast members and extended conversations in search of "understanding." The effect is honest, high-minded (a little self-consciously high-minded), irrelevant and in the end irritating.

It is irritating because to American viewers the sense of guilt so eloquently expressed is entirely peripheral (guilt, like sorrow, can be "shared" only by equals). It is true that Mr. Wilson's government has "gone along," but that makes these young Britishers no more than passive accomplices of a passive accomplice. The crime of Vietnam is not committed in their name, they are not asked to do the killing or to pay the bill. There is a transposed quality about their agony of conscience; it becomes a luxury of profound concern. They have no draft cards to burn, they do not face the alternative of complicity in abomination or exile. It is unfair, of course (and the levels of villainy are scarcely comparable), but it is difficult not to wish that their dreams were haunted by Rhodesia.

If, by feeling responsible at some remove, the creators of *Tell Me Lies* had been able to generate some new strategy for understanding and resisting the Vietnamese War, their collaboration would have been welcome. But, quite understandably, they have nothing of the sort to offer; and their style of anger, driven to obscenity and scatology by the insultingly transparent hypocrisy of the Johnson Administration, seems as though copied from the outbursts on this side of the Atlantic.

Tell Me Lies is perhaps sent to support our resistance, but it does not have


A DISTINGUISHED STAR!
A BRILLIANT FAUSTUS!
COLUMBIA PICTURES presents THE BURTONS PRODUCTION of
DOCTOR FAUSTUS
RICHARD BURTON
THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC SOCIETY
ELIZABETH TAYLOR
Music Composed and Conducted by MARIO NASCIMBENE Screenplay by NEVILL COGHILL
Produced by RICHARD BURTON and RICHARD McWHORTER
Directed by RICHARD BURTON and NEVILL COGHILL · Technicolor
AMERICAN PREMIERE NOW
THE Baronet
59th St. at 3rd Ave. · EL 5-1663-4
A WALTER READE THEATRE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that effect. The absolute powerlessness of the opinion it represents in England to shorten the war by one hour (what long-time effect it may have on the name of the United States is another matter) merely emphasizes the sense of virtual powerlessness that weighs down the anti-war movement here at home. These performers look just like our resistant youth, they talk just like them, and clearly they make no difference at all to life and death in Southeast Asia. But here at home, a difference has somehow to be made, and the cause is not helped by the arrival of volunteers to the ranks of outraged impotence.

Say what you will against communism, it seems to be fertile soil for the cultivation of irony. Here in the West we do what is presumably our best with things like *How I Won the War* and *The Graduate,* but conditions are so permissive and resources so affluent that, in effect, we are boxing with pillows on our fists. Behind that curtain, they are in much tougher fighting trim, jabbing at the weak spots in the total society with such deft strategies as *Daisies* or the current *Love Affair,* by the young Yugoslav director Dusan Makavejev. It is nervy work and I am not at all clear how they get away with it—perhaps by being too small and quick and witty for the monolith to get a square shot at them. Communist administrators are no more eager than their Western counterparts to make themselves publicly ridiculous.

That agility also makes a problem for anyone reviewing *Love Affair.* The scenario of this lighthearted shocker, subtitled "The Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator," flows like mercury, but its structure is nevertheless complex, and the danger is that the spirit of the piece will be killed in the process of spelling it out.

We may start with a few premises, noting, however, that the generalizations apply by no means exclusively to Communist societies: (1) officialdom tends to be puritanical; (2) citizens of Peoples' Republics are subjected to a good deal of edifying instruction; (3) a sense of humor is a trait not conspicuous among bureaucrats. And overriding these is the supposition that, however stubbornly the theoreticians may cling to the doctrine that virtue resides in the state, the people (being people) know that the joys and sorrows of their own lives are what count.

Mr. Makavejev posits a love affair —between the aforementioned phone operator and a shy bachelor, a Stakhanovite among rat catchers. The girl is Hungarian—a statement which appears to produce in Yugoslavia an effect similar to what you might get by mentioning Copenhagen in the bar of the Yale Club. She is sexy, and says so with a frank smile. Thus her relationship prospers with the master ratter, and is the more endearingly private for being interrupted from time to time by fragments of a popular lecture on the reproductive process, delivered by a zealous professor who discourses on copulation, plain and fancy, to the accompaniment of a weirdly pornographic slide collection and in a style of unemphatic enthusiasm that would be more normal, if not more suitable, for at talk on oral hygiene or the mothproofing of rugs.

Alas, the idyl is to end in homicide, so a second instructive intrusion on the main script is a guided tour of the metropolitan crime lab, including views of intimidating weapons and objects in bottles. And as the affair reaches its climax there appear, more and more insistently, the most disconcerting flash-forwards. The contrast here is between the pathos of violence and the complacency of its detection. Finally, the girl's body, laid out on a stone drain board, with the instruments of her dissection neatly marshaled on her belly, becomes a counterpoint to that same warm and silken nakedness flung wantonly before the love-trapped exterminator. Mr. Makavejev is playing rigorous semantic tricks with words like "flesh" and "body"; *Love Story* is not a film that solicits hedonistic reverie.

But I think the purpose of the shock is to make certain that the audience stays thoroughly awake; the main thrust of the picture lies elsewhere. For example, the couple exchange their first embraces in full view of a television screen from which massed thousands brandish their banners and raise the thunder of their voices. They get, you might say, something worth cheering about. And for example the official photograph of the dedicated rat catcher, surrounded by the trophies of his skill and receiving the thanks of the sanitary top brass, gives an impression distinctly more two-dimensional than does the tender, solicitous, but (to a Hungarian girl) gratifyingly demanding lover we have come to know in his nonprofessional hours. And the tragedy of the film conjugates no moral relevant to the ethics of revolutionary selflessness. It is not a case of Socialist fidelity to honor and duty traduced by bourgeois (and foreign) revisionism; it is once more that damned pinch of human perversity whereby the most possessive men seem fated to give their hearts to the most indiscriminately generous girls. These lovers make a dreadful mess of their happiness, but the point is that the mess and the happiness are of their own making—and no thanks to the state, for all its benevolent didacticism and fatherly supervision. This impish, rather wicked comedy is one more assertion through art of the supremacy of the individual over the machinery of the state. The degree to which it is true is the measure of our freedom.

In addition to his narrative instincts, the director of *Love Story* is blessed with an elegant sense of cinema. His people uncover themselves with the defenseless simplicity (produced by most sophisticated guile) of home movies; his scenes have the sensuous charm of utterly mundane objects perfectly absorbed by their surroundings and their uses. Makavejev makes the installation of a bathroom shower an adventure in aesthetics, the workmanship is so deft, the use of space so gratifying. It is not a photographic style that calls much attention to itself, but in retrospect one appreciates the reliable toughness of its texture.

The girl is Eva Ras; the man, Slobodan Aligrudic.

PUBLICATIONS

Highly praised by **James Anderson** in the International Journal of Religious Education, **W. F. Luder's** latest book is

A NEW APPROACH TO SEX

It exposes the fallacy of the so-called "New Morality," and offers a positive alternative. **$1.85 cloth; $.85 paper. Farnsworth Books, 112 Wetherbee Rd., Waltham, Mass. 02154**

WILLIAM WINTER COMMENTS: Liberal weekly newsletter analyzing and commenting upon the international scene. Editor is **William Winter**, dean of West Coast analysts. $6.00 year; $1.00 ten issues. **Box 817N, Sausalito, Calif. 94965**

DEBATE THE ANTIBALLISTIC MISSILE—pros and cons on the deployment of the ABM; 11 articles prepared by military and political experts. Pp. 169. **Paper, $1.50; Hardbound, $5. Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists, 5201 Kimbark, Chicago, Illinois 60615**

"SELECTED POEMS" of GEORGE FLYNN (Villiers of London—$2.00) is "the most exciting American poetry since Ezra Pound." —James Turner. ***Available in U.S. from the author at: 145 West 12 Street, New York City 10011.***

EDUCATIONAL

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY CAMPUS: unique lecture notes. Hundreds of courses, taken directly in class by professionals from world-famous teachers. $1.-$4. Send for *free catalog.* ***Fybate Lecture Notes, Dept. N, 2440 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.***

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS!

ALL change of address notices, orders for subscriptions and other correspondence, should be sent to:

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED